

The Listener

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Dr. Samuel Johnson at 'The Mitre' in Fleet Street, London: from a contemporary print. Dr. Johnson was born 250 years ago on September 18. Professor Ian Watt considers his place in English literature in a talk published on page 476

Britain's Monetary System Re-examined

By John Wood

The Americans and Mr. Khrushchev

By Alistair Cooke

The Beginning of Man

By J. Z. Young

Neither Child nor Lunatic

By Barbara Wootton

Klautkys, Allicocks, and Hamiltons

By Jan Carew

Dvorák and the Concerto

By John Clapham



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CONTENTS

CURRENT AFFAIRS:

- Britain's Monetary System Re-examined (John Wood) ... 467
The Americans and Mr. Khrushchev (Alistair Cooke) ... 469
Nationalist Leaders of Central Africa (Clyde Sanger) ... 470

THE LISTENER:

- A Television Election? ... 472
What They Are Saying (Derrick Sington) ... 472

- DID YOU HEAR THAT? (microphone miscellany) ... 473

ANTHROPOLOGY:

- The Beginning of Man (J. Z. Young) ... 475

LITERATURE:

- Dr. Samuel Johnson after 250 years (Ian Watt) ... 476
The Listener's Book Chronicle ... 495
New Children's Books (Naomi Lewis) ... 498

TRAVEL:

- Klautkys, Allicocks, and Hamiltons (Jan Carew) ... 479

SOCIOLOGY:

- Neither Child nor Lunatic (Barbara Wootton) ... 481

GENERAL ELECTION BROADCASTS:

- (Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell, and Rt. Hon. Selwyn Lloyd) ... 483

- THREE POEMS ... 485

- B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ... 486

BROADCASTING:

- Twenty-one Years of Broadcasting to Europe (James Monahan) ... 489

ANECDOTE:

- The Destroyer Called at the Island (W. R. Rodgers) ... 490

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

- From Sir Charles Snow, W. Haughton Crowe, R. G. Williams, Dr. A. E. Slater, H.H. the Maharaja Rajsahab of Dhrangadhra, Alastair Smart, and H. B. Fortuin ... 491

BRIDGE:

- Test Your Bridge Play (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese) 492

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S AUTUMN EXHIBITION ... 494

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

- Television Documentary (Hilary Corke) ... 500
Television Drama (Irving Wardle) ... 501
Sound Drama (Ian Rodger) ... 501
The Spoken Word (David Paul) ... 503
Music (Scott Goddard) ... 503

MUSIC:

- Dvořák and the Concerto (John Clapham) ... 504

GARDENING:

- Harvesting Vegetables (F. H. Streeter) ... 506

- SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ... 507

- NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ... 507

- CROSSWORD NO. 1,530 ... 507

Britain's Monetary System Re-examined

JOHN WOOD on the Radcliffe Report

IT looks as if it will be the descriptive passages of the Radcliffe Report* that will make the most lasting impression. No less than half the report is devoted to explaining how the Bank of England and the financial houses in the City of London go about their everyday work. Here is an up-to-date guide-book to institutions which for too long have been too shy about what they do. The lucidity of the writing, and the freshness of the material, give this part of the report great distinction.

The Committee's plea for the publication of still more information about the monetary system, particularly about the Government's financial operations, and about every aspect of banking, has already been welcomed by economists, financial journalists, and many others. It is surely right, as the report suggests, that we should have a better-informed opinion on economic policy. So it is to be hoped that the authorities will now move with speed to build up the public's stock of knowledge on monetary matters; though one cannot help remembering that the Macmillan Committee's request in 1931 for the publication, for example, of figures of overseas acceptances, was ignored by the authorities until about a year before the publication of the present report—a delay of twenty-seven years.

The general temper of the Radcliffe Report came as a relief to me. It was at once clear that there was to be no going back on the increasingly liberal economic policies which we have pursued in recent years so successfully. Here were no grounds for a revival of dirigism. Direct physical controls were judged unacceptable except for emergencies, and much of the report is concerned with suggestions for making sure that such emergencies will never arise.

Moreover, remembering past controversies, it was reassuring that the City of London, under examination, was found to be doing its job well, if somewhat secretively. The Committee also gave its support to the rationale of the sterling system and its general approval to the policy of making sterling convertible.

All this, however, is secondary to the central issue of monetary policy. The Committee was appointed to inquire into the working of the monetary system at a time when we were on the verge of accepting inflation and regular payments crises as part of the normal, and indeed unavoidable, background to post-war life. Only a few critics argued that our economic affairs, far from being, as they appeared to be, unmanageable, were in fact merely badly managed. What comment does the report make on the way our monetary affairs have been handled in the past decade? And, looking to the future, does the report, by throwing into clear relief the shape and outline of what monetary policy should be, illuminate this question of how to improve the technique of economic management?

This is where I personally begin to have my first doubts, for unfortunately it is on this crucial issue—where analysis rather than description is required—that the report is least convincing. The discussion is confined to a single chapter, and a confused one, which can only provoke further the controversy about the proper role of monetary policy. Critics, however, should note the report's insistence that monetary policy does have an effect on total demand, that more use should be made of interest rates in the future, and that this should be achieved through the deliberate manipulation of the National Debt. Hardly a funeral oration for monetary policy—though some commentators have tried to

* Committee on the Working of the Monetary System—Report. (Cmd. No. 827) Stationery Office. 15s.

pretend that it is. Supporters of monetary policy, on the other hand, have to note that the Committee damns with faint praise its performance up to the present, and envisages its future role as a 'subordinate' one. Monetary measures, the report says, 'can help' to keep the economy in balance, but that is all.

'Oozing Surplus Liquidity'

The Committee puts forward a number of reasons to explain the apparent lack of success of monetary policy since 1951. It emphasizes the exceptional liquidity of the economy at the end of the war. Consumers, producers, and merchants, it says, were all 'oozing surplus liquidity', that is, had plenty of money in hand. In most other countries this excess liquidity was wrung out of the system by being put through the mangle of currency reform. But not here. So that at no time since the revival of monetary policy in 1951 have the banks been other than exceptionally liquid and consistently under-lent. This situation was prolonged because, on the other side of the picture, many customers of the banks have not needed their services. The ample cash position of companies was protected by the policy of restraining dividends, so that as late as 1953 only every other public company even had a bank overdraft, and the amount of cash held by all public companies was more than their total borrowings from the banks. As a result, the credit squeeze did little more than force some of the companies who wanted to borrow—a minority anyway—to look round for alternative sources of finance, which they found. We were nearly all too slow to recognize how many companies remained outside the reach of monetary policy, and to realize that the banks, on whom all attention had been focused, were not the only important source of credit.

So much the report brings out. But is there not much more to be said to explain why monetary policy worked so slowly? For instance, until recently, interest rates have surely been too low? The Committee virtually admits the point, but in a casual manner. The evidence they produce, however, seems conclusive. It is related that borrowers denied a bank overdraft have been able to obtain credit elsewhere, but they had to pay 'twice or even thrice as much for it'. The extra cost was not a deterrent since it could easily be passed on to the public, a clear indication that interest rates were too low, and the pressure of demand too high. Rationing of capital for home and overseas borrowers has been in force throughout the period under review. Local authorities, for instance, have been kept in the queue for fresh capital 'not merely for months but for years'. Might it not have been more desirable, one wonders, to let those who really needed the money most urgently pay more for it?

Rise in Long Rates

The report itself goes no further than tentatively to suggest that the present level of interest rates on long-term government securities 'would clearly have been appropriate in the middle nineteen-fifties', and it comments that the rise in long rates should have been encouraged rather than discouraged, which would of course have had repercussions throughout the whole structure of interest rates. This is surely a major criticism of the way policy has been handled.

All the more so as throughout the nineteen-fifties the strong inflation almost came to be accepted as a normal state of affairs, so that this reluctance to allow rates to rise was particularly inappropriate. For when money is losing its value, it pays to borrow and not to save. Interest rates have to be higher to be effective. This was never really grasped by the authorities, within the field of debt management or elsewhere. For instance, no attempts were made to encourage savings, an essential part of a complete monetary policy—until the Budget of 1956. Somewhat better terms were then offered for Savings Certificates, and another $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. added to the rate of interest on Defence Bonds. But within a month the Chancellor of the day had announced that he expected prices to rise during the year by 6 per cent. This was hardly the road to success in monetary management, and Treasury policy in this respect no doubt contributed to the 'general scepticism of the power of interest rates over the internal economic situation' to which the report refers.

So, before concluding that monetary measures achieved little,

might it not have been useful if the Committee had inquired much more carefully whether interest rates have been at an appropriate level, bearing in mind not only the liquidity of the economy, but also the pace of inflation, and the failure of the authorities to convince the country that they knew how to stop prices rising, and were determined to do so.

All this is history; and the one thing that is certain about the future is that it will be quite different from the past. Excess liquidity is disappearing, inflation is subsiding, and interest rates have reached much more suitable levels. If we profit from the mistakes we made in the 'fifties, can we expect monetary policy to be more effective in the 'sixties? The answer, it seems to me, will depend on whether we can correct the most serious mistake of all, which has made it extremely difficult for monetary policy to work well in the past, namely, the softness of fiscal, or budgetary, policy.

The report's treatment of the relationship between monetary and fiscal policy is far from satisfactory. That there has not been a single Budget with an overall surplus since the revival of monetary policy in 1951 ought to have been the starting point for an examination of this relationship. Fiscal policy throughout the nineteen-fifties has clearly been pulling in the opposite direction to monetary policy, and has thus preserved rather than attacked the liquidity of the economy. An early chapter in the report acknowledges that the emergence of the Government as an habitual borrower in peace time is one of the important changes in the post-war world. But the implications of this are not fully worked into the exposition of the possible role for monetary policy, with unfortunate consequences.

First, the Committee is trapped into making some extraordinary statements about the inability of monetary policy 'alone' or 'by itself' to keep the economy in balance. But no one has ever suggested that it should, or even could. That we have a Budget every year means there is always a fiscal policy, even though it has sometimes been difficult to understand exactly what it is.

Fiscal Policy and Monetary Policy

Second, the Committee does not even examine the possibility that fiscal policy may have failed and may yet fail to provide the proper framework within which monetary policy can usefully do its job. The Committee is so little concerned about this that it not only endorses the existing method of financing the nationalised industries through the Exchequer, which ensures that Budget deficits will continue for ever, but it goes on to recommend that local authorities should go back to borrowing from the Exchequer, rather than through the market, which makes it certain that the Budget deficits will be large.

This is, of course, a perfectly permissible point of view. That it is the view of the Committee is confirmed by their statement that 'Moderately high bond rates'—that is on Government securities—'and a large Budget deficit form an unusual combination as deliberate measures of economic policy, but it may well be the right one'. It may be; but how far is this 'unusual combination' consistent with what is perhaps the main theme of the report—that debt management should become the centrepiece of monetary policy, so that interest rates can be used to control the liquidity of financial institutions? For if debt management is to become a positive weapon of policy in this way it must have some margin of manoeuvre. This it seems unlikely to have in the scheme of things outlined in the Radcliffe Report, since it will all the time be struggling to sell new debt.

Debt management is already a difficult enough task. 'Since the war' the report points out, 'the Treasury has had to cope with a continuous succession of debt maturities and the necessity of financing the capital programmes of the nationalized industries and the local authorities; and the consequent mass of new debt has had to be floated in a gilt edged market that for many years was gradually realising that inflation was eroding all fixed money values'. This sort of pressure seems likely to continue, since it is always going to be something of a struggle to make sufficiently large net sales of stock to avoid adding to the credit base of the banking system. Our experience since 1951 is that borrowing on Treasury bills has been avoided only in the years

(continued on page 506)

The Americans and Mr. Khrushchev

By ALISTAIR COOKE

Alistair Cooke broadcast the following talk on September 20 after Mr. Khrushchev had visited Los Angeles

I AM sitting in my favourite American city, San Francisco, exhilarated as always by the way the white houses are scattered over the mountains like confetti, by the cleanness and sparkle of the city, by the splendid vistas of the bay and the huge plumes of white fog that are beginning to spin in from the Pacific and decorate the blue sky. Mr. Khrushchev is by now—it is half an hour before noon—on a train winding up through the smooth golden hills and the rich valleys of the coast range, observing—we must hope—the opulence of its fruits and its tawny grass and the variety of its wild life. I drove the same route yesterday and saw one family of tarantulas and one bobcat chasing a herd of deer. I take it there is no political significance whatsoever in this scene.

In spite of the promise of all this gaiety and excitement I am sorry to say that I cannot recall a talk I have looked forward to with more relish, or one that—now it must be given—I feel sadder about. Everything we had seen and heard of Mr. Khrushchev, even his hot little debate with Mr. Nixon at the American Fair in Moscow, had led us to expect a jolly, bouncy, shrewd little man. Ruthless we are reluctant to admit, but perhaps only because the Russians hold a vast continent and must hold down perilous pressures from below, as well as from the East and West. We knew that Mr. Khrushchev was a joker; we knew he had recently been clothed by an Italian tailor and looks very dapper in that neat, self-contained Italian way. We knew that he had accepted President Eisenhower's invitation with alacrity, almost with gusto. We hoped and believed that the cold war was breaking up and the ice beginning to crack and drift down stream. All the portents

looked good when Mr. Khrushchev arrived, what seems like a month ago.

The first odd thing, the first misgiving, came at the first airport, when President Eisenhower stood by his side and approached the microphone and made his speech of welcome. Everyone noticed then, and noticed correctly, that President Eisenhower was a very different man from the President Eisenhower who arrived in England. It is dangerous to presume a man's motives on the evidence of his face, his uncomfortable eyes, his moving from the ball of one foot to another. But these symptoms do tell something: they told of uneasiness. Perhaps there had been trouble between the State Department and Mr. Khrushchev's agents who helped arrange his tour. Possibly the innocent-seeming topic of Disneyland—the huge Coney Island of make-believe outside Los Angeles—had already exploded into a diplomatic incident. Whatever it was, the President was an uncomfortable man, and, whether he himself knew why, we now know that he had just cause.

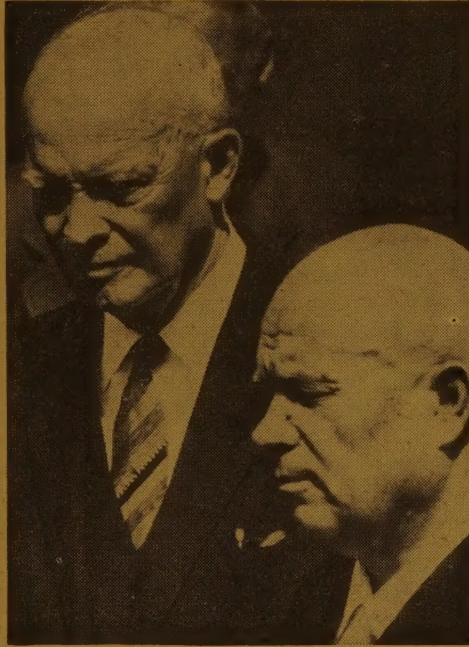
I had taken up with Mr. Khrushchev's tour in the part of the country I know best. This seemed to me to make careful sense. I thought in a guileless way—as we all did a month ago—that Mr. Khrushchev's main purpose was to see Americans at first hand in their own baffling and invigorating country. It seemed a wonderful idea. Few people can be more callow, or maladroit abroad and so warm, so easy-going, so generous and impressive at home. Perhaps Mr. Khrushchev would

lose altogether the official Russian picture of a vulgar giant, forever—if you will excuse the expression—flexing its muscles over missiles. By now we have cause to wonder whether this was the true aim of Mr. Khrushchev's Odyssey. I am not going to guess at it because I think in the next month or year or two its purpose will be plain.

I can only say—and I am sorry to keep harping on the personal note—it would be fatuous, even dangerous, to attribute almost any political emotion at the moment to the American people. We are on delicate ground, ground that might indeed be mined and explode under our feet. It is better, I think, to try to convey to you the strange, sad course of Mr. Khrushchev's tour by describing the jolts that one man has received to his own preconceptions.

So I can only say that I should not have credited the sanity of any man a month ago who would have ascribed to me the idea that Mr. Khrushchev's tour is beamed—so to speak—at Radio Peking. I do not now say that it is so; but the idea has occurred to me, or at least the idea that Mr. Khrushchev has managed already to provoke and embrace so many casual insults, to berate and lecture his hosts, that when it all gets reported to the Chinese, who await him, it will look and sound like an undiplomatic triumph of the most frightening order.

It is not pleasant to dwell on Mr. Khrushchev's warnings to America at the Press Club in Washington, at his quick rebuff to Mayor Wagner in New York, at his stunned silence when somebody at the New York Economic Club shouted, 'Answer the question'. But this unpleasantness has swelled to a theme song; and the most lavishly orchestrated discord of all came yesterday



Mr. Khrushchev with Mr. Eisenhower on his arrival in the U.S.A.



Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Eric Johnston, President of the Motion Picture Association of America at a luncheon in Hollywood

in Los Angeles. I think that all the reporters who have the thankless job of guessing at Russian policy from the evidence of a chuckle or a frown on the face of Mr. K. all looked forward to California, and to Los Angeles especially. Los Angeles means to the world the fake but infinitely compelling fairyland of Hollywood, though Hollywood is a tiny part of Los Angeles and the movie industry which was once the fifth largest industry in the country is now not even the fifth largest industry in Los Angeles. There is, I am afraid, little point in going on about the curious and sudden industrial and political might of Los Angeles, except to point up the fact that Mr. Khrushchev did not get even a glimpse of the part Los Angeles plays in the life of the West, and I mean the Western Alliance.

Los Angeles and the Western World

So I had better say in a blunt, short sentence or two that Los Angeles makes most of the aeroplanes that would have to defend the Western world. It has, since the war, come to surpass Detroit as a manufacturing centre. It puts together about half as many automobiles as Detroit; it is teeming with industrial researchers and rocket scientists; it employs several hundred thousand of its new young immigrants in electronic factories. It takes and houses most of the 1,500 Americans who have pulled up stakes and come to settle in California—1,500 a day. Los Angeles has shaped the mould of what most American cities are going to look like twenty years from now. Heaven help us!

But we did not have to go into this in our despatches because Mr. Khrushchev, or the State Department for him, had decided that enough politics is enough. They all gave in to the beguiling fantasy that the main business of Los Angeles is the manufacture of fantasy. It seemed human and downright of Mr. Khrushchev to insist on seeing a movie made, and going down to Disneyland and gliding in a glass-bottomed boat over marvellous replicas of African jungle streams with mechanical crocodiles coming up and growling at you; or to tour a city of medieval France; or to see a working coal-mine, or a complete railroad system. It was most forgivable, surely, that Mr. Khrushchev even—as you and I—should want to see a movie: *and* what a movie! A line of Can-Can girls—uncannily the movie is called *Can-Can*—Maurice Chevalier—who else?—alongside a line of dancing girls, and Frank Sinatra, the troubadour of the Western world, as the star.

No Chance to See Disneyland

You must surely have heard what happened. Mr. Khrushchev was furious at not being allowed to go to Disneyland, and I believe from the agitation of his lips, the twitching of his jaw muscles, and the popping eyes, that he was genuinely furious: not perhaps at the overwhelming rigidity of the arrangements for his safety but at the cool, the sceptical, the almost regretful way he has been received everywhere. The people have stood and stared

through him, and his official hosts have introduced him with their eyes deflected; they convey with a sigh, with their ill-disguised boredom or nervousness, that they wish they were not doing this and they hope that it will not be held against them, now or maybe in the future.

Out of the past a rustle of wind comes up from a graveyard; it is the wind sighing over the place where Senator McCarthy lies buried. This fear of the boomerang to one's reputation a year or two from now if the worst should happen is unspoken, and I have not even seen it written about. But it flashes from the eyes of Mr. Khrushchev's hosts: one can spot it in the way the movie stars who went to lunch with him yesterday moved away, stooping slightly and moving quickly back to their work or their friends. The interval between the stars being introduced to Mr. Khrushchev and their leaving him was a whole essay in disillusion. For most movie stars are very non-political these days, and who were they to be ranted at and asked to explain if Disneyland was in the hands of gangsters, if there was a cholera epidemic down there. And last evening, I suppose—I hope—was the low-spot of Mr. Khrushchev's visit. The Mayor of Los Angeles told Mr. Khrushchev that he would not bury us and we would not bury him, but that if we were challenged we should fight to the death to defend our way of life.

A Pointless Visit?

Admittedly, this is a rather odd way to introduce the guest of the nation; and a comfortable way to explain Mr. Khrushchev's unhappy bursts of temper, and his really sombre threats, is to say that he is after all a guest and people should not provoke him in any way, let alone bring up unpleasant things. If this is so then surely the visit, as a political event, was pointless. Hungary will not down—either in the minds of the newspapermen or the grief of the many refugees here. Mr. Khrushchev will not answer that question. It is to him, he says, a dead rat that sticks in America's throat. He went on, there are some American dead cats that stick in his throat and, he says, you bring up the one and we will swing with the other.

Mayor Paulson, the Mayor of Los Angeles, last night may have gone too far. It may be that too many people—mayors and presidents of corporations and bankers and all his dinner hosts—are itching to speak for America. Whereas in the American system only the President can do that. But these people are impatient to embrace Mr. Khrushchev, they would like to do it and to give him something remotely like a generous, a tumultuous American reception. But they know Mr. Khrushchev's history, and his past hangs between us and our good intentions. So what we have been seeing here this week, I truly believe, in the solemn and uncomfortable intervals between the jokes and gags, is the strain imposed on ordinary Americans as they try to act as hosts, and at the same time to swallow their conscience. The plain fact is that they cannot do it.

—'Letter from America' (Home Service)

Nationalist Leaders of Central Africa

The second of three talks by CLYDE SANGER

JUST as there is a caricature of the 'white settler' of Rhodesia and Nyasaland so also is there a caricature of the African nationalist leader. In my first talk* I tried to portray the 'white settler' in more accurate lines; now I would like to break down the caricature of the nationalist leader. For my purpose, no area of Africa could possibly offer a better example of so many different types than central Africa.

The African nationalist is a well-depicted caricature, and the white voter—when the occasion requires—is suitably scared by the picture of this standard ogre conjured up by the white politician. There are two reasons why the white voter can be so easily scared by this piece of political imagination: first, most white

men in Rhodesia and Nyasaland have never met and had frank conversation with an intelligent African; they hardly know them as individuals, and so will accept the caricature. Secondly, there are 12 blacks to every white in Southern Rhodesia, 30 to every white in Northern Rhodesia, and 300 to every white in Nyasaland. So the fear of being racially swamped is one easy to arouse in many whites.

The black caricature looks something like this: a western-educated demagogue who flies into a rage whenever anyone suggests that there are practical obstacles in the way of giving his country immediate independence under his rule. A man, moreover, who is vehemently anti-white and who is engaged in

the most sinister negotiations with Mr. Khrushchev, President Nasser, and Dr. Nkrumah (probably all at the same time), and is prepared to sell his country to Russia, the United Arab Republic, or Ghana in order to gain power for himself.

To very many white Rhodesians the African nationalist leaders are just names that are difficult to pronounce: Harry Nkumbula and Kenneth Kaunda in Northern Rhodesia; Joshua Nkomo and George Nyandoro in Southern Rhodesia. Only Dr. Hastings Banda of Nyasaland has been depicted as anything more than that. Perhaps that is because it has been easy to portray him as just that caricature-ogre. Some elements of the caricature can be found as a reality in certain of the African leaders in Central Africa; but it is important for several reasons to see these men as individuals—and here because they represent the peoples of three very different countries.

After Nyasaland was saved from the slave-trade by David Livingstone, Scottish missionaries came to spread Christianity in this lovely land of lakes and mountains. There is easily seen a strong similarity between the Scots and the Nyasas: they both have the same sturdy independence; the same quick, shrewd brains; the same willingness to leave home and seek their fortune (or maybe just a bicycle and a blanket) in far-off places. A Nyasa is hardly thought to be a man until he has gone off to work for some years in the Johannesburg gold-mines or the Northern Rhodesian Copper-belt.

By comparison the African of Southern Rhodesia is a quiet stay-at-home. They have a history of defeats at the hands of warrior tribes and of Cecil Rhodes's Pioneers; this has had the after-effects of making them adaptable and easy-going. The Africans of Northern Rhodesia are more of a mixture, since the discovery of copper thirty years ago has bred an industrial generation alongside agricultural tribes.



Harry Nkumbula, President of the Northern Rhodesian National Congress

The African nationalist leaders epitomize these different national characteristics. Dr. Banda is the most successful wanderer of all Nyasas. He worked his way through college in America, practised medicine in London, and lived in Ghana through the first years of independence. Only eight months passed between his return to Nyasaland last July and his arrest in March. During that time he made dramatic speeches pledging his life to freeing his country from what he calls

the 'white domination' of Southern Rhodesia. Many whites conclude from this that he must be fiercely anti-European. But he says: 'How can I be, when I have lived half my life in their cities and they have given me so much?' And he maintains even in prison that there is no paradox in his attitudes. His Secretary-General, D. K. Chisiza, is one answer to those who claim that no

black man is interested in economics, and that their countries would go to rack and ruin if they received independence; for he studied economics at Birmingham University until he returned to help Dr. Banda.

In Northern Rhodesia, the mixture of large areas of primitive agricultural land with a Copper-belt which has been highly industrialized by giant international companies has confused the aims of the African nationalists. They do not see an early date for self-government, and they are divided in opinion about how much they can realistically demand or expect. For years Harry Nkumbula has been their leader. He is a farmer who went off to the London School of Economics, and he can sway a crowd with great skill. But recently a radical group split from him, saying that he was enjoying the 'good life' too much and had lost his nationalistic fervour. The leaders of this break-away group—Kenneth Kaunda and Simon Kapwepwe—are dedicated ascetics after the Gandhi pattern. They were educated in India and wear Indian dress. They encourage somewhat mystical legends about themselves: for instance, Kaunda's prestige is heightened by the tale of how he once met a lion on a path, outstared it, and sent it slinking away into the bush.

The Africans of Southern Rhodesia, I have suggested, are the ones most adaptable to western city life; they are almost a nation of shopkeepers. So perhaps it is no coincidence that three of their leaders—Joshua Nkomo, George Nyandoro, and Paul Mushonga—are respectively an auctioneer, a book-keeper, and a store-owner. Their organization was formed only two years ago, not with any real hope of African self-government soon but in order to press for the removal of many forms of racial discrimination.

These three African groups were quite separate until recently. After all, there is no common language in Central Africa, as there is with Swahili in East Africa. Only the Nyasas, travelling everywhere, spread some cohesion. Then came the Accra Conference, when a pan-African spirit became more than just a phrase. This was followed in recent months by the 'emergencies' in Nyasaland and Southern Rhodesia, the arrests of nearly all these leaders and 1,500 of their followers. My own view is that the Governments in the Federation have thereby given the African nationalists a more effective feeling of common purpose, and have therefore actually cemented nationalist unity.—*European Services*

The First Professional Revolutionist: Filippo Michele Buonarroti (1761-1837), A Biographical Essay is the title of Harvard Historical Monograph No. XXXVIII which is now published (Oxford for Harvard University Press, 36s.) The author is Elizabeth L. Eisenstein.

* * *

The papers read before the Third Conference of Irish Historians, held in Belfast in 1957, have now been published as *Historical Studies: II*, edited by Michael Roberts (Bowes and Bowes, 10s. 6d.). They include 'Chartism Reconsidered' by Asa Briggs, 'Geographical Abstractions and the Historian' by Denys Hay, and other studies by J. C. Beckett, J. L. McCracken, Mr. F. S. L. Lyons and Mr. John Watt.



Dr. Hastings Banda, leader of the African National Congress in Nyasaland

The Listener

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A Television Election?

THE General Election campaign has now begun. It can scarcely be seriously questioned—despite the cynics—that it is the duty of every British voter to consider the issues carefully and to cast his vote according to his conscience. Broadcasting supplements, although it does not replace, the accepted devices of electioneering. Canvassing and bringing supporters to the polls remain as important as ever. Perhaps the public meeting is not what it was, although it reflects upon men's sense of public duty if they are unwilling to turn out of their homes to listen to statesmen in whose hands their future may lie. But it is true that never before have people been given a fuller opportunity to hear and see the presentation of party political cases without stirring from their armchairs. In sound broadcasting the B.B.C. is allocating nine periods for election broadcasting both in the Home and in the Light Services. (The first two of the former broadcasts are reproduced on other pages.) Furthermore there will be altogether nine programmes in television, of varying lengths, transmitted simultaneously in B.B.C. and Independent Television networks. The elector can thus see the party leaders and hear their arguments as never before in history. Of course he can switch off his set, just as he can throw election manifestos unread into the waste-paper basket. And ostriches can bury their heads in the sand.

Last week the *Daily Mail* published a forthright leading article entitled 'Dangerous Derision'. Christopher Hollis, a former M.P., was quoted as saying in *The Spectator* that 'the public should go on strike and turn off their television sets when a party political broadcast is announced'. Others have rejoiced in the thought that not as many listeners and viewers as one might expect have in the past chosen to hear these broadcasts. The *Daily Mail* observes robustly that it is 'dangerous advice' to people 'to shut their eyes and ears to the appeals of democracy'. It says that an adult people should do no such thing. It is certainly a poor example to those nations that Britain has attempted and is still attempting to educate in democracy.

So conscious is the B.B.C. of the need for voters to fathom and understand the issues before them that beyond the official party broadcasts it has instituted a new series of programmes called 'B.B.C. Hustings'. These programmes will be forty minutes in length and be televised from a dozen regional centres and afterwards repeated in sound. Spokesmen for each political party which contests one fifth of the seats in the region will be challenged by voters on the issues of the campaign, and viewers will be able to compare their replies, while a neutral chairman will see to fair play for all. (Finally the B.B.C. is covering the election nationally and locally like any other news story, strictly on the basis of news value.) Whether or not these various broadcast programmes have a decisive impact upon the campaign remains to be seen. But it is notable that Mr. David Butler, an acknowledged expert on recent British elections, has written in the *Daily Telegraph*: 'The first really full use of television in an election campaign may upset all expectations. It could produce, on the one hand, a sharply increased turnout on polling day and, on the other, dramatic changes in the public's estimation of the parties and their leaders'. One can hardly doubt that it will, at any rate, sharpen and assist the democratic process.

What They Are Saying

Smaller Voices on Khrushchev's Visit

WHEN TWO GIANTS get together smaller onlookers often fear that 'a deal' is going to be made at their expense. Such seems to be the mood of the Egyptian Government during the Eisenhower-Khrushchev meetings, to judge from a commentary on the Cairo radio home service. After referring to the Algerian and Palestine problems the commentator said:

Naturally the result of any sound appraisal of the situation in our region will prevent these vital questions from becoming a subject for international bargaining and also will prevent the big powers from dictating their will to the small nations . . .

The Egyptian broadcaster's further remarks suggested that what was feared was some kind of Russo-American understanding about the Middle East which would concern resettlement of the Arab refugees in areas outside Israel. The commentator said:

Stability in the Middle East cannot be achieved while there are Zionist ambitions for expansion and continued support by certain circles for the aggressive plans of the gangs which occupy Palestine. This is a question which must receive the attention of the Eisenhower-Khrushchev talks on the Middle East. In no way should they ignore the rights of the Palestine people and the U.N. resolutions which called for their repatriation.

The radio of Israel herself spoke of the possibility of moves by American Jews during Mr. Khrushchev's visit in favour of the Jews in the Soviet Union. After referring to the good news of the recent publication by the Soviet State Publishing House of two collections of Yiddish short stories, the Tel-Aviv commentator went on to point to the 'serious situation' of Soviet Jewry who are 'treated as persons of a lower class by the masses of the people' in Russia. The Israeli broadcaster declared that the 'most shocking point' was that the 'anti-Jewish feelings which find expression in Russian economic and social life' completely prevents the Jews from extricating themselves from their distressing situation, even through conversion to Christianity. The Tel-Aviv commentary went on:

It is not yet known whether Khrushchev will agree to receive a delegation of American Jews, but there is almost no doubt that he will encounter the problem at every step he takes in the U.S.A. no less than did Mikoyan or Kozlov. It is to be hoped that he will arrive at least at one conclusion, namely, that the Stalinist attempt to isolate the Soviet Jews has failed and that the progressive public abroad, including the non-Jewish public, will not cease to concern itself with the problem until Moscow provides positive and humanitarian solutions.

The mysterious 'Our Radio' station, broadcasting in Turkish, was evidently interested in persuading Turks, on the strength of the Russian moon rocket's achievement, that neutralism is the best policy. The broadcaster declared that 'such precision is fresh evidence that the balance of power has shifted extensively in favour of the Soviets', and that 'this achievement on the eve of Khrushchev's visit to the U.S.A. has strengthened the atmosphere of peace'. The commentary in Turkish went on:

At a time when the world balance of power has changed and the forces of peace are making great advances, our Government's insistence on remaining in the war front is nothing but ignorance of the world situation. We cannot compete with the Soviets in the scientific field, but we can and must be friends with our powerful neighbour.

As a background to Mr. Khrushchev's American visit Moscow home service broadcast a report by a Soviet writer who had visited the United States in August. He said:

It would be stupid to deny the generally high standard of living in the U.S.A. We have seen large housing estates built in recent years, and appointed in such a way as to make life comfortable. Not only milliardaires and millionaires live in these houses, but also ordinary workers and office workers. But compared with the rents in our country, American rents are very high.

The Russian writer went on to say that, although Americans in work enjoy a high living-standard, the problem the unemployment is 'a most painful one'.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

THE BALLET THAT LOST ITS CLOTHES

THE JEROME ROBBINS'S 'Ballets: U.S.A.' company has just completed a short season in Edinburgh and London. CLIVE BARNES spoke about it in 'Comment' (Third Programme).

'For over thirty years', he said, 'an American school of classical ballet has been developing. By school I mean the national accent which gives the standard classical vocabulary that particular flavour which enables us to distinguish between a Russian dancer, a French dancer, and so on. In part, this will be derived from national physique and temperament, and in the case of some nations there is a characteristic folk-dance tradition which combines with the classical style to produce the distinctive dance idiom. America is fortunate in having what amounts to an indigenous dance form in its jazz dancing. This originally derived from innumerable folk-dance sources, ranging from the square dance to Latin American mambos and the rest. It has now become a recognizably American product offering wonderful opportunities for choreographic development.

'This American approach to dancing which is shared by the entire troupe gives it an extraordinary unity and cohesion, and so it is a perfectly responsive instrument for Mr. Robbins's choreographic invention. Yet style can never take the place of content, and the true importance of this company is to be found in what it does rather than the way it does it. The company's complete repertoire consists of only four ballets, and these are given every night. The programme opens with *Moves*—a fascinating experiment in dancing without music—and it continues with a gentle evocation of sensuality in *Afternoon of a Faun*. Then comes an explosive display of stylized American jazz dancing in *New York Export: Op. Jazz*.

The proceedings end with a riotous comedy *The Concert*.

'Fundamental to Mr. Robbins's choreography is the essential theatricality of these ballets. When we in England call a ballet "good theatre", we usually mean that the dancers emote hysterically rather than dance. The whole work is probably so bedizened with spectacular scenery and costumes that its other shortcomings stand an even chance of being overlooked. Mr. Robbins's understanding of good theatre is clearly very different. The full dramatic impact and value of his work was forcibly driven home to Edinburgh audiences by the company's unfortunate mishap, when it lost all its scenery and costumes somewhere in the Mediterranean. I suspect that most ballet companies could never have agreed to appear in such circumstances. But *Ballets: U.S.A.* not only put on their show in practice costume on a bare stage, they actually succeeded in making one scarcely aware that anything was missing'.



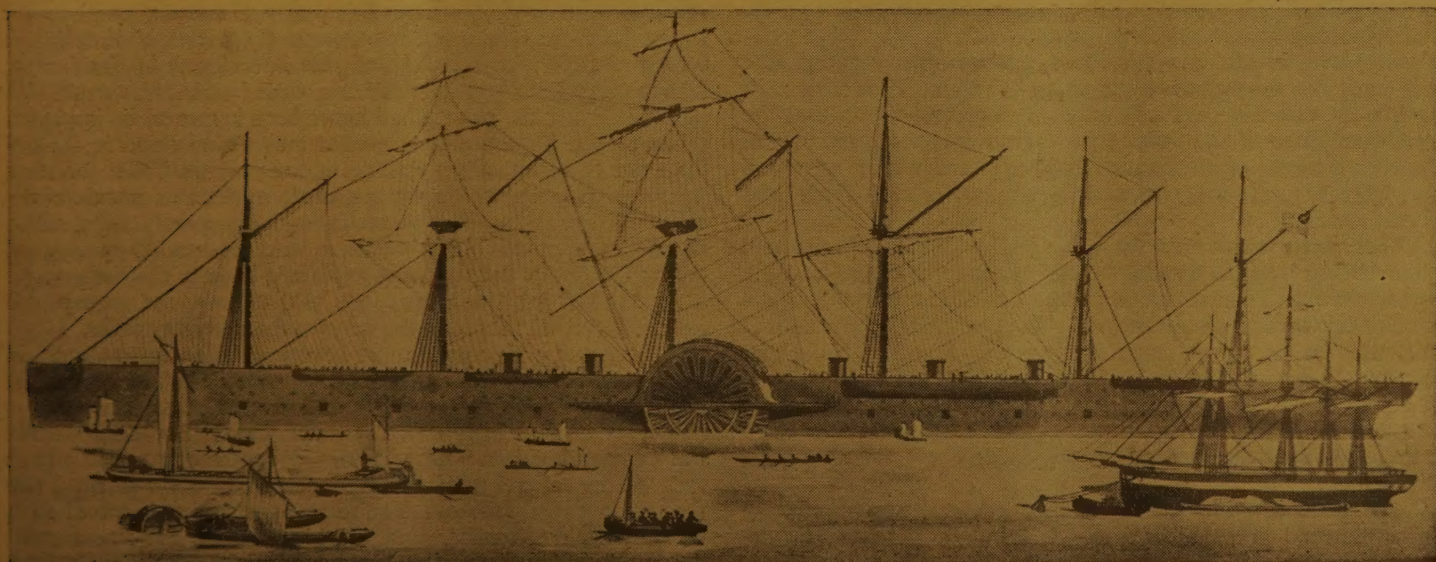
'Afternoon of a Faun', danced by Wilma Curley and Jay Norman, in Jerome Robbins's 'Ballets: U.S.A.'

Photograph by David Sim, by courtesy of 'The Observer'

THE 'GREAT EASTERN'

'A hundred years ago', said OWEN WEBSTER in 'Today', 'the maiden voyage began of the "Great Eastern", so named because she was intended for the difficult route round the Cape to India. At that time she was the biggest ship that had been built.

She was the brain-monster of Isambard Kingdom Brunel, who had progressive ideas about the virtues and potential cheapness of steam (he had built the first steamship to have a screw propeller), and he designed the "Great Eastern" with a cast-iron propeller weighing thirty-six tons, and a pair of huge paddle wheels, and—with an excess of caution that was (perhaps fatally) characteristic of him—six masts for sails. She had two iron hulls, one inside the other: the first use of the double bottom now built into all ships. At nearly 19,000 tons, she was 680 feet long,



The 'Great Eastern' on her first trial trip

and with paddles and propeller going full out she was capable of fifteen knots. She was intended to carry 3,000 passengers and 6,000 tons of cargo—or, incidentally, 10,000 troops.

'At the beginning of November, 1857, she lay on a Thames-side slipway ready for launching. Brunel had been worried in case the river was too narrow for her length, so it was planned to launch her broadside. Even then, in his anxiety, he checked her too soon on the slipways, and there she stuck, for three expensive months, until the company that commissioned her were bankrupt. Three more attempts were made to launch her, and when at last she was afloat she had to be sold for use on the North Atlantic, the most unsuitable service for her.

'Seven years after her maiden voyage she had the distinction of laying the first transatlantic undersea cable, but this was the only climax in her short life of thirty-one years. She ended her days as an entertainment vessel on the Mersey where, in 1890, she was broken up'.

THE GIANT-KILLER OF LYNN

'I came across him some years ago in an eighteenth century chapbook', said VICTOR ALLAN in 'Through East Anglian Eyes'. 'Two seventeenth-century antiquarians, Sir Henry Spelman and Sir William Dugdale, referred to the tradition of the Marshland giant-killer and his grave in Tilney churchyard, not far from King's Lynn. "They will have it", wrote Dugdale, "to be the gravestone of Hickathrift as a memorial to his courage". It all seemed to establish the existence of an ancient and curious fragment of local folk-lore. What the real origins were is anybody's guess. All I can give you is the legend.

'His name was Thomas Hickathrift—which vaguely suggests a Saxon origin—and he was the son of a humble peasant in the Isle of Ely. He was an outsize prodigy. Even at ten years old he was as big as the average man, and he went on growing like this until his size and strength became the wonder of the countryside. But apparently he was very good-natured and, like many large powerful men, mild and gentle in his ways. He was employed by a brewer of Lynn to cart kegs of ale to Wisbech and the hamlets of the marshland. According to the story, this wild and lonely marshland was the hunting ground of a giant who terrorized the district and robbed the countryfolk of their livestock and belongings. Giants are not so fabulous as one might imagine. There are plenty of instances beyond any doubt at all. Setting aside those of earlier times, there were at least three well-known giants in the late eighteenth century—one topping nine feet and the other two eight-and-a-half feet. But if it will mollify the unbelievers, I will admit to a private theory that the marshland giant of the Hickathrift legend may really have been a robber gangster of an unusually powerful and violent type, and that he simply grew bigger and bigger as the tales about him passed round.

'There were two roads from King's Lynn to Wisbech: one a roundabout way *via* Terrington and Walpole St. Peter, and the other direct, by Tilney. And, as bad luck would have it, the giant's country lay around the shorter of these roads. Tom Hickathrift had strict orders always to go the long way round with his beer cart and keep out of trouble. This irked him considerably, as it added many miles to the journey; and the story says that "having increased his strength by good feeding and improved his courage with strong ale" he decided one day to go to Wisbech by the nearer road.

'The giant saw him coming a mile off, and came bellowing down the road. Tom had no weapons, but he promptly unharnessed his horse, unpinned a wheel and withdrew the axle. Then, with the wheel as a shield and the axle as club, he set about the

giant and slew him. After that, he followed his enemy's tracks to his hide-out in the marsh, which proved to be a cave crammed with the riches of years of plunder. There was widespread rejoicing and, by common consent, the giant-killer took possession of the treasure. He built himself a fine house and became a country squire—stocking his park with deer and hunting a pack of hounds. He had always been just plain Tom in the past, but, to show how giant-killing can lift a man up in the social scale, everybody now addressed him respectfully as Mr. Hickathrift'.

ODD MACHINES

'At Sandhurst, I remember, during the first world war, everybody had a bicycle', said ERIC COXON in the Home Service. 'My own antique machine had peculiarly high handlebars, which induced an admirably erect bearing and an air of lofty condescension but made things difficult uphill. It cost about fifteen shillings, had a single, highly optimistic, front-wheel brake, and a lamp which would probably have worked had I ever bought the oil to put in it.

'My bicycle, then, was a relic. But it was at least on a par with the 900 other relics which swarmed in and out of the College on their various missions. There certainly were some very odd

machines about. One, in particular, belonging to a highly original character, was universally known as the Fiendish Velocipede. Its singularity lay in the alignment of its pedals. One of these had got so twisted, in some more that usually violent collision, that it was permanently on a level with its partner, so that the two pedals rotated together instead of alternately in the conventional manner. The owner of this curious specimen had solved his problem by the



simple device of fastening a string to one of the pedals and passing it up over the handlebars. Thus, by varying a strong downward push with both feet at the same time with a timely upward tug on the string, he was able to propel himself forward to the admiration of all and his own satisfaction.

'What particularly strikes me—looking back—in the attitude of the authorities was the tactful infrequency with which they held bicycle tests. I can only recall one of these. It consisted of a superficial inspection while we stood to our bikes, an inspection which, naturally enough, revealed nothing of a very damning nature.

'There was, however, one bicycle parade which attracted a good deal of attention at the time. Early of a Sunday a small party, known in those over-simplified days as "other denominations", used to parade with bicycles and ride into church in Camberley. The waterproof coat with which we were issued hid a multitude of undress, and the parade had never been known to be inspected by an officer. So naturally it needed only a tiny cloud in the sky for word to go round: "Parade in waterproofs". One brilliant summer's morning the party paraded, muffled as usual to the chin, and were just about to mount and slip quietly away, when an officer appeared from nowhere and demanded to inspect them. The senior cadet, having explained blandly that he thought it looked like rain, was brusquely told to have the waterproofs removed, and with frozen calm he gave the necessary order.

'The ensuing disclosure must have proved an immense strain on the officer. There were men in fancy shirts of all kinds, men in pyjama jackets and rugger vests and cricket shirts, and quite a number embarrassingly naked to the waist. The senior cadet walked round with the officer, taking down the names in his book and looking suitably pained, even perhaps a little smug. Then the officer turned to him. "You've still got your waterproof on", he said. "Take it off". And, blushing deeply, the senior cadet did so. He had on a purple silk pyjama jacket with yellow facings. With his red hair, he looked very fetching indeed'.

Man's Knowledge of Man

The Beginning of Man

By J. Z. YOUNG

ALL biologists are agreed today that there was a period when there were no men, and that we arrived at our present condition by a process of gradual change; but the evidence about the way that the evolution of man has proceeded comes from a number of different sources, and requires careful interpretation. It is for this reason that there has been a good deal of disagreement, even among the scientists concerned, and this sometimes leads people to suppose that there is still a doubt as to whether man has evolved from non-human ancestors. That is not the case: it is the method by which he is evolved that is still not entirely settled.

In order to have a complete record of the change it would be necessary to have fossils preserved from every stage of the process. Unfortunately, fossils are commonly formed only from the bones of animals that die in the sea, where they become overlaid with silt, and ultimately this is converted to rock. Creatures that live on the land are much less frequently preserved as fossils. Many of our own ancestors lived in the trees, and the chance of their preservation was even smaller. Nevertheless, by careful study of such bones as have been found the outlines of the story of human evolution have been reconstructed fairly completely. If we had a complete series we should be able to see a gradual change without any breaks between one type and another. There would not then be any missing links. We should see the full chain, full continuity of the generations. It is because there are so many gaps in the record that people are always looking for these missing links, as they call them, when they should really be trying to find the whole chain.

So in the rocks of 70,000,000 years ago we find no signs of men, no bones left from them, nor indeed from any other monkeys or primate animals similar to man; but the remains of small shrew-like animals are found there, and these are the stock from which all mammals, including ourselves, have sprung. These first mammals probably lived on insects, and were inconspicuous, nocturnal creatures. Some of their descendants, however, took to the trees, and still living in some tropical forests today there exist their unchanged offspring, the tree-shrews.

Life in the trees makes special demands on an animal, and it was these pressures that led to the gradual appearance of the monkey-like animals. Among the branches vision is more important than smell, and this was the basis for the big development of the eyes, which is so characteristic of the whole group of primates, culminating in man. Precision of movement and of grasp is also of obvious importance, and so is the need to communicate by voice among the trees. So it may well be that the foundations of human intelligence were laid by the chattering groups of monkeys who were our ancestors 30,000,000 years ago.

All the higher primate animals show some degree of social life and family life. The study of these habits has given us some hints about the origin of human behaviour. The great apes, in particular, are our nearest relatives still alive today, and it is obvious that they show some degree of intelligence. Their facial muscles are well developed to

allow them to give expression to at least some simple emotions such as fear, rage, and pleasure. This capacity of communicating by small changes in the face is presumably a product of the good vision that had been developed by life among the trees, and this form of communication is obviously still of much importance to ourselves, even though we have developed the elaborate mechanism of symbolic speech.

Fossil remains of apes are known from 15,000,000 years ago—

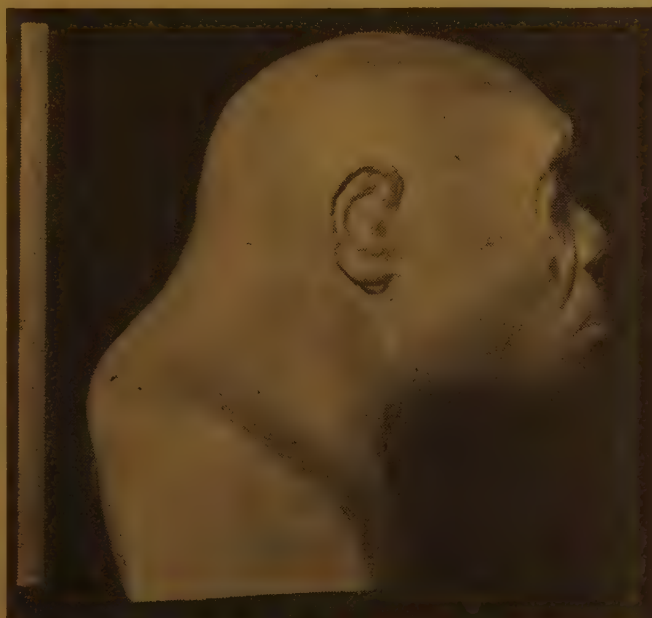


A tree-shrew, unchanged offspring of the small animals whose remains are found in rocks of 70,000,000 years ago
Zoological Society of London

not before that, only from that time onwards—but this is long before the date of the earliest known human remains, which we can place roughly at 1,000,000 years. Those early apes occurred all over the world, and some of them were the ancestors of the gorillas, orang-outangs, chimpanzees, and gibbons of today. The human race probably evolved from much the same basic stock, and we have fossil remains that are clearly intermediate between man and ape. The most recently discovered of these bones were

found in South Africa from deposits of about 1,000,000 years ago. They have the brain size of an ape but their jaws do not show the characteristically enlarged canine tooth, which is so typical of apes. In some features of their pelvis and their limbs they have also been held to resemble man. Indeed many workers on these fossils claim that they are the remains of creatures that walked on two legs, whereas apes must always use four. But the interpretation of the significance of these bones is still much debated. Some people maintain that they were animals little different from apes, others that they were near-men.

Perhaps the still more interesting intermediate between ape and man is the Java ape-man, first found in that island, and then later near Peking. In these creatures the brain-size was almost exactly half-way between



Reconstruction of the Java ape-man: the scale is a foot-rule
British Museum (Natural History)

that of ape and man, and although they walked on two legs it was probably with a stooping gait. Their jaws provide some of the most interesting evidence about human evolution, because they tell us what the creatures ate. In Java man, the jaw was very heavy with large teeth, and it must have been moved by powerful muscles. These creatures, therefore, probably tore their food with the mouth, rather than manipulating it with their hands. It is an interesting question whether, with such large jaws, they could have produced effective speech.

Remains that can be referred to a truly human type are first found during the early Ice Ages, perhaps 500,000 years ago. These are the Neanderthal people, first discovered in Western Germany and called Neanderthal because that was the name of the valley where they were found. They still showed some ape-like characters—for example, in their heavy jaws. However their brains were as large as ours, perhaps even a little larger. The modern human type with a small jaw and a light skull is known for certain only during the last 100,000 years—that is to say only a very short time by geological standards. Man has, therefore, been on the earth for only an exceedingly small part of the time since life began, which was perhaps 1,000,000,000 years ago.

Symbolic Language

There has been much discussion about the set of circumstances that contributed to our origin. We have seen already that our earlier ancestors had a brain that was becoming larger and hands that were dexterous. The full development of our intelligence, skill, and powers of communication by speech are, therefore, a development of tendencies that had been going on for a long time before that. It is not easy to decide whether there was a special stimulus that produced the evolution of modern man, or whether his development was simply a continuation of tendencies that were in existence before. Social organization is a characteristic of all primates, and the faculty of communication by expression has been developing for many millions of years. Nevertheless, the stage at which symbolic language first appeared represented a very large advance. There is a big difference between snarling at your enemy to frighten him away and using a word that acts simply as a symbol to alarm him. However, we can imagine that even our most extraordinary feats of language have been the result of learning to associate particular sounds with given situations. Unfortunately, we still do not know when or how language first appeared. Some people believe that it consisted first largely of making gestures with the tongue, to accompany gestures with the hands. Even today, gesturing is still an important part of conversation, especially in some languages.

The production of a memory record outside the body in the form of writing may prove to have been man's most decisive evolutionary change. By means of such records we can use the experience not only of our immediate parents but also of all those earlier members of the human race who have been able to leave records for us. This concept of information outside the body, as it were, supplements the hereditary concept of genetic information by

which all other animals and plants conduct their lives in such a way as to suit their environment. This is no doubt part of the secret of the very rapid change that man has undergone during the relatively short period of perhaps not more than 10,000 or 20,000 years since writing first began.

The part of the brain that is especially developed in ourselves is the frontal lobes. This is the part which gives us the characteristic high forehead. The brains of our fossil ancestors had only small frontal lobes; they were low-browed creatures. During the last twenty years something has been learned about the functioning of these lobes in men and animals, although we still cannot say exactly what they do. It seems, however, that they are concerned in some way in controlling the activities of the rest of the brain, regulating them and damping down their excesses. If they are over-active in this respect the person may even suffer from excessive depression, which in some circumstances can be cured by removing part of these lobes.

The interesting point for our present discussion is that it may have been this development of the frontal lobes that led people to behave in a more restrained manner, and thus to become able to learn from each other. Most animals, after all, tend to be aggressive, even to others of their own kind, and they co-operate only under special circumstances—for example, when mating. In order to make use of the powers conferred by language it was obviously necessary for the early men to act reasonably towards each other, and not to use their new skills and tools only to attack each other. It may well have been that those populations in which the people had longer, larger frontal lobes and co-operated more with each other were more successful than those populations that depended on the old laws of jungle warfare.

Man's Slow Maturing

A particularly interesting suggestion is that many of these special features of man depend upon the very slow rate at which we develop. We take much longer to mature than any apes. Indeed, even a grown-up person is still in some ways more like a baby ape than a full-grown gorilla. Our relatively large head, smooth skin, and docile temperament seem to show that we have shed the full characters of apehood, as we might say. Indeed, our whole special social system would hardly be possible if we behaved as apes do. This progressive lengthening of development enables us to learn all the difficult feats of language and technology which would be quite beyond the powers of our ancestors.

People are sometimes appalled at the perplexities of modern developments—for example, in mathematics—and they feel that they will never master them. It may help them to remember that the everyday language, even of the simplest of us, is a wonderfully complicated and subtle instrument. It may be that in the future we shall be able to convey in one minute ideas that take half an hour now. Man will then have gone as far from us as we have from the apes—*General Overseas Service*

This is the first in a series of eight talks: next week W. Grey Walter will discuss 'Mirror for the Mind'

Dr. Samuel Johnson after 250 Years

IAN WATT on the literature of experience

WE can hardly talk about literature without using the standard oppositions between art and life, form and meaning, imagination and experience. But these antitheses are obviously misleading in many ways; one way is to make us think so highly of 'art', 'form', and 'imagination' that we undervalue the many kinds of writing whose main qualities are not peculiar to literature, writing whose matter is so close to common experience that we do not think of it as imaginative, and whose manner is so much that of ordinary human discourse that it hardly occurs to us to discuss its literary form. The distinction between the world of art and of life becomes irrelevant in extreme cases of this kind of writing, because both their subject-matter and their mode of communication are common to both:

such, for example, are the diary, the letter, the memoir, the prayer; and sometimes these modes of expression attain a measure of permanence, and thus enter the vast category of writing to which one can give the name of experience. The greatest English writer whose work belongs mainly to this category is Samuel Johnson.

When, fifty years ago, Walter Raleigh celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of Johnson's birth, the terms of his eulogy illustrated one way in which the antithesis between life and art tends to be unfair to the literature of experience: 'Johnson', he asserted 'was an author almost by accident; it is the man who is dear to us'.

The question is whether the man is not dear to us mainly

through the greatness of the author; and it cannot be said that the question, though much debated, has yet been resolved. Raleigh certainly did much to end the relative decline in Johnson's reputation which set in soon after his death, and to suggest the main directions which subsequent interest in Johnson was to take; but whereas the general tendency of thought in the last fifty years has confirmed and amplified Raleigh's admiration of the man, it seems to have made it even more difficult to come to terms with the greatness of the author.

Modern trends in the interpretation of Johnson the man are not easy to summarize. Johnson's contemporary, George III, allegedly never discovered how the apple got inside the apple-dumpling; perhaps one can say that new knowledge and new insights have enabled us to uncover in Johnson, beneath the portentous crust of the intimidating portraits, the polysyllabic prose, and the oracular clubman presented by Boswell, a human being who belongs to the world of our own ordinary pleasures and interests and perplexities more completely than any other writer.

Both the difficulties of Johnson's life and the magnitude of his triumph over them were of exceptional proportions. From childhood on he suffered from the King's Evil, a tuberculous infection that scarred his face and left him with one eye almost blind; he grew up in an unhappy home which offered little prospect for the future beyond his father's declining bookshop; he was afflicted with an uncontrollable constitutional nervousness which made him mutter to himself and twitch convulsively; and by the age of nineteen he knew that at any moment what he called his 'vile melancholy' was likely to develop into complete and permanent madness. Then came the brief days at Oxford of the angry young man from the provinces: his contemporaries remembered him as gay, but he knew well enough that 'it was bitterness which they mistook for frolic'.

All this side of the biography, hardly touched on by Boswell, has now been painstakingly filled out by many scholars, and its psychological implications interpreted. Their work makes clear the considerable role which the modern climate of thought, and especially Freud, has played in increasing our understanding of the courage and resource with which Johnson warded off the menace of insanity. In *Johnson Agonistes*, as Bertrand Bronson has called him in a now classic study, we recognize and salute one of the great heroes of the wars of the mind.

Other changes in outlook have increased our sympathetic understanding of Johnson's attitude to life. The Whig view of history, for example, has been sufficiently challenged for us to recognize that there was considerable basis for Johnson's Tory anathemas on the social and political tendencies of his time; while the main events of the twentieth century have vindicated Johnson's pronouncement that 'the history of mankind is little else than a narration of designs that have failed and hopes that have been disappointed'.

Johnson's political pessimism was based on his acute understanding of the darker elements in human nature. He could hardly assent to the doctrine of progress when he was convinced that 'there may be community of material possessions, but there can never be community of love and esteem'; and the whole liberal conception of the democratic pursuit of happiness inevitably seemed unreal to someone who, when asked if he really believed that 'a man was not sometimes happy in the moment that was present', answered: 'Never, but when he is drunk'.

Johnson's psychological pessimism—or realism, if you like—enabled him to achieve a posthumous topicality in many other ways. He was, for example, the supreme exponent of One-Upmanship; and Boswell's *Life* is, among other things, a record of the vigour and variety of his tactics: witness, for example, Johnson's rejection of Boswell's offer to tell him all about Allan Ramsay's pastoral drama *The Gentle Shepherd*. 'No, Sir, I won't learn it. You shall retain your superiority by my not knowing it'.

Johnson, then, had as keen an awareness of the corruptions of pride and envy as La Rochefoucauld. But he was also, fortunately, aware of much else. His great capacity for cheerfulness kept breaking in on his conviction of human inadequacy; and this, combined with his naturally impetuous and insubordinate nature, did much to qualify the torism which is the usual result of a pressing sense of man's weakness, greed, and irrationality.

Johnson strongly opposed the 'prevailing spirit' of his time, which he defined as 'a dislike of all established forms, merely because they are established'; but if his view that 'the cure for the greatest part of human miseries is not radical but palliative' made him oppose anything in the nature of radical reform, it did not turn him into a complacent supporter of the *status quo*. He never forgot the need for 'palliatives' and his belief that 'a decent provision for the poor is the true test of a civilization' might well have led him to welcome the Welfare State.

Johnson's philosophical, psychological, and political views, then, have become much more congenial to us than they were to the nineteenth century; our general mistrust of theory makes us welcome Johnson's famous attacks on 'the cant of those who judge by principles rather than perception', while our residual liberalism is satisfied by Johnson's eloquent departure from his own precept when he enunciated one sovereign principle of judgment: 'I am always afraid of determining on the side of envy or cruelty'.

But it may be felt that all this is beside the point; that we can, no doubt—following our personal tastes—applaud Johnson the High Churchman or Johnson the gormandizer, Johnson the patriot or Johnson the punster; but that

the only important question is not whether the Great Cham was a great chap, or even the brightest ornament in the casebooks of self-psychotherapy, but, simply, whether he was a great writer. The answer, simply, is yes. But the case is difficult to argue, especially in the present critical climate.

For one thing, Raleigh was in a sense right when he said Johnson 'was an author almost by accident'. In the days of his fame, when someone complimented Johnson on his legal knowledge and remarked that he might have become Lord Chancellor if he had chosen the law as a career, Johnson was much distressed, and answered: 'Why will you vex me by suggesting this when it is too late?' Most of his published works were commissioned—from the first of them, a translation for a provincial bookseller; to his greatest literary achievements, the *Dictionary* and the *Lives of the Poets*. Johnson is perhaps the supreme example of a great writer with very little sense of a specifically literary vocation. This, however, may not be as disabling as it sounds. For two reasons: first, the notion of the literary vocation as something special and set apart is not necessarily the best one, and is certainly relatively new historically; and, secondly, Johnson had his own conception of his role which, though contrary to some more recent ones, was perfectly adapted to his own particular literary powers.

Soon after Johnson's death the Romantics established their



Samuel Johnson, who was born 250 years ago: an unfinished portrait by James Barry
— National Portrait Gallery

image of the writer as a lonely genius exploring strange seas of thought and feeling; and today this conception retains much of its power. With this stereotype goes a conception of literature as an equally special and separate kind of expression; and this idea, which is strongly supported by symbolist and formalist doctrines, has only recently been widely challenged in favour of a more literal and rational outlook.

Johnson's idea of literature, and of the role of the writer, was certainly not in the tradition begun by the Romantics. If he thought of himself as an 'artist', it was in its eighteenth-century sense of a skilled craftsman; and his conception of how he should use his craft laid primary emphasis on his kinship with his fellow human beings: 'The only end of writing' was 'to enable the reader better to enjoy life, or better to endure it'. So Johnson's best early works in verse—*London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, and in prose the *Rambler* papers—were moral essays, discursive modes of writing which were, as he put it, eminently adapted to 'the propagation of truth' and 'the dignity of virtue'. Their manner was primarily rational and expository; Johnson insisted on the virtues of what he called 'dogged veracity'; his psychological need to control 'the hunger of the imagination which preys upon itself' made him rather uneasy in the presence of the fanciful and the fictional; and it is typical of him that the best parts of his quasi-novel *Rasselas* could easily be essays from the *Rambler*.

Potential and Achievement

This literal and didactic tendency, so out of keeping with recent literary fashion, was undoubtedly an important cause of what has been widely felt as a discrepancy between Johnson's potential and his actual literary achievement. *The Vanity of Human Wishes* is one of the supreme poems of the century, but Johnson obviously fell short of the bulk which is necessary to major poetic status; partly because his sense of moral and religious responsibility was so intense that it did not lend itself easily to poetry—he considered religion 'the great, the necessary, the inevitable business of human life', but he also held that 'contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul cannot be poetical'. On the other hand, unlike Boswell, he had little interest in the commonest outlet for the literal and realist habit of mind—self-expression; so it is not surprising that the bulk of Johnson's writings are of a miscellaneous and occasional kind.

Few of us would deny Sir James Murray's estimate that in Johnson's hands the dictionary 'became a department of literature'; nor would we dissent from Logan Pearsall Smith's expert appraisal of Johnson as our supreme aphorist: but we hardly know how to rank these two genres in the literary hierarchy. We like wit and brevity and analytic power, but the definition and the aphorism seem much too short-winded and discontinuous to rank as major literary creations; and both are essentially occasional—supremely so in the *Dictionary*, where every word was a new and unavoidable challenge.

To no one else, surely, can we better apply Johnson's own definition: 'True genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined in some particular direction'; his union of formidable analytic power with immediate command of memorable verbal expression needed only an appropriate eliciting occasion, whether in a literary task or in the occasions of daily life. This poses further critical problems. First, we must learn how to deal with writing which was not intended as literature at all. The famous private *Letter to Lord Chesterfield* is not surpassed by any of his public writings, and the great gifts found in *The Vanity of Human Wishes* are as fully manifested in some of Johnson's private prayers and in his letters.

Seriousness in Conversation

Secondly, it is even more difficult to come to critical terms with Johnson's conversation. When Boswell remarked 'But I wonder, Sir, you have not more pleasure in writing than in not writing', Johnson refused to be drawn: 'Sir, you may wonder'. It seems clear that conversation was Johnson's most natural means of expression—perhaps because there the stimulus was varied and

immediate. In any case, just as Johnson's moral sense made the distinction between public and private writing unimportant, so it meant that he put as much seriousness and energy into his conversation as into his writing. He 'laid it down as a fixed rule to do his best on every occasion and in every company'; and to 'impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could put it in'. Consequently, Fanny Burney 'could not help remarking how . . . much the same thing it was to hear him or to read him'; while Johnson's conversation offers as impressive evidence as his writings of the variety of his powers, from what Boswell described as 'the majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom', to the greatest of the English humorists.

Humour is another literary quality which has not yet received critical justice. In general it can be regarded as a supremely inclusive response to the complexities of experience; and a response whose success requires great gifts of sensitiveness and imagination. Mrs. Thrale tells of a Lincolnshire lady who was ill-advised enough to show Johnson the underground grotto in her garden, and then enquire complacently 'if he did not think it would be a pretty convenient habitation?' 'I think it would, Madam', he replied—'for a toad'. The retort was rude; but not gratuitously so, because as soon as Johnson was summoned to endorse a grotto as a convenient human habitation he felt himself bound to remind the Lincolnshire lady that civilization has progressed from living in caves to living in houses only through long and patient efforts, and that it can continue only on such terms.

To do justice to Johnson's literary achievement, then, we must include the totality of his recorded utterances: the conversations and the various marginal kinds of writing, as well as the poems, the essays and the *Lives of the Poets*. This means that we must usually judge Johnson's content on the basis of literal as opposed to imaginative truth. This is what the literature of experience usually demands, but it is contrary to most modern critical theory, with its insistence on the literary artefact as an autonomous verbal structure best considered as separate both from its author and from any relation to real life. Obviously the correspondence of an author's statements to reality or truth is even more difficult to establish than intrinsic literary excellence where we can at least find all—or most—of the evidence on the page before us. We must also remember that there is a real danger in confusing art and life; for one thing, it tends to authorize the common 'let's have no nonsense' sort of Philistinism, and Johnson had many admirers in this camp: Raleigh himself, as Virginia Woolf noted, in his later years 'ceased to profess literature, and became instead a Professor of Life'.

Truthful Vision of Human Experience

But the other extreme position is even more impossible; we may not want to go as far as Johnson did in disregarding the distinctions between literature and life, but we obviously cannot disregard the whole tradition of wisdom literature, from the Book of Ecclesiastes to Montaigne and Pascal, or all the other writings in which man has faced and recorded his actual thoughts and feelings. Johnson's own works and reported utterances no doubt constitute a dispersed, untidy, and awkward body of material for the critic to see as a whole; but that whole constitutes an impressively eloquent, consistent, and truthful vision of human experience.

I have said little about Johnson's writings as such, but I will close by letting him speak for himself, all too briefly, in one of the supreme examples of the literature of experience. Perhaps the most famous example of Johnson's literalism is his attack on Milton's *Lycidas*: 'Where there is leisure for fiction', he said, 'there is little grief'. Johnson's elegy 'On the Death of Dr. Robert Levett' is an absolutely direct treatment of the death of a member of his household, described by Boswell as 'an obscure practiser in physic, of a strange, grotesque appearance'. The poem was written hardly a year before Johnson's own death, and in it all his friendship and humanity was framed by a steady awareness of mankind's limitations:

Condemn'd to hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend;
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
Nor, letter'd arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
His vig'rous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest caverns known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
When hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride,
The modest wants of ev'ry day,
The toil of ev'ry day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by:
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Tho' now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no throbbing fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And forc'd his soul the nearest way.

—Third Programme

Klautkys, Allicocks, and Hamiltons

The second of two talks on Guiana by JAN CAREW

A HUNDRED and forty miles up the Demerara River past a succession of falls is Wabracabra, the place of singing birds. Opposite Wabracabra, across fifty yards of water, is Tiger Hill. In the afternoons I used to watch the shadows stripe this hump of rock and the soft light sculpt and change its outlines until it looked like a sleeping tiger. A legend tells of how a tiger once ran down from the hills and leaped across the flooded river, and the gods, looking on from the Arisa Mountains, were angry when they saw this, and they turned the tiger into stone as a warning to all mortal creatures against rivalling them in feats of prowess.

Challenge of an Environment—

During my journey up the Demerara I understood the meaning of this legend; the challenge of this environment is so great that men reacted to it by living a larger-than-life existence. In the Guiana north-west where I had first been, the Arawaks responded to this challenge by living in harmony with the seasons, the forests, the swamps, the rivers, and the creatures that live in them. But in the Demerara area 400 miles south of the Aquero the prodigal mixing of races and cultures had produced rugged assertive types, men who risked destruction in order to tame their environment.

The Klautkys, like the Allicocks or the Hamiltons, are a Demerara River clan; between Georgetown at the rivermouth and the Great Falls 150 miles up-river you can find people of every race, colour, and creed on earth bearing these names and they are all related. The Klautky family owned Wabracabra, a timber concession of 30,000 acres. Karl, the head of the family, was German and his wife Arawak Indian; he was over six feet tall and she under five feet. I had met Dick, their eldest son, on the aircraft flying down from Port-of-Spain to Georgetown and he had invited me to take the trip up-river with him. He had just qualified in medicine at a German university and was returning home. He was a sophisticated and slightly melancholy young man to whom laughter was something alien.

We had set out by speed-boat from the rivermouth early one morning, and I was surprised when I saw Dick waiting for me at the landing. He had shed his European clothes and was naked except for a pair of tight trunks—he had become a river-man once more. I understood why this change was necessary later on. We visited many of his relatives on our way up-river and during every visit he was on trial, he had to reassure the members of his clan that studying abroad had not changed him. And he succeeded in doing this by recalling things that had happened when he had spent time with them as a boy.

At Malali, the first set of rapids we had to cross, I saw another

side of Dick. Our engine broke down and the nearest repair shop was forty miles away. He had it working again in less than half an hour. 'I took a course in mechanical engineering after I'd finished my medicine', he explained. 'Too many of us have met with accidents'.

I met his mother at Wabracabra. She was the real head of the family, and she ruled her four sons, her husband, and the workers on the concession with the Bible and a will of iron. With her cheerful moon-face and her schoolgirl plaits one would not have expected this of her.

We slept in an Indian style benab, a building raised on stilts with a thatched roof and no walls. Around us were low sheds where the workers slept. Lying in my hammock I could see the moon through holes in the thatch. One night Dick told me: 'Three generations of Klautkys have died at the foot of a green-heart tree. Working greenheart is like working gold; a fever creeps into your blood and nothing can cure it. My mother made me study medicine so that I could escape this life, but how can I escape it!'

His mother said: 'One of my sons was killed last year and his spirit is still living all round this place. We bought a new tractor. His uncle was driving it up a hill and he was sitting behind; the tractor got out of control. The tractor was worth \$12,000 and John tried to save it; it overturned and pinned him down. You know, John was so strong he lifted up the part of the tractor that was pinning him down and dragged himself out. He died on the way to Mackenzie. I got over it but my husband hasn't; he became an old man in a week'. She told the story calmly. She knew that her son had gone on a journey down a river of night decked in orchid garlands, gone to the Arawak heaven.

—To be Met by the Group

Dick spoke with a quiet intensity; his eyes gleamed like black stones, polished by running water. 'We haven't yet learnt the lesson that we've got to fight this environment as a group, as a nation; we're all individualists, one man or one family can't fight against a continent of rain forests'. But for the fact that he had been brought up in a British colony, the only one on the mainland of South America, Dick might have become one of those leaders who erupt out of forests and mountains in Latin America and bring revolution to the cities. For he had inherited a savage, compelling will-power from his mother and an instinct for leadership.

'Look at my relatives', he added after a spell of silence, 'most of them look like old people before they're forty. If you want to see what I mean, just settle two young men on this river, give them two acres of forest apiece, even help them to clear the land.

For ten or fifteen years they'll manage to keep the forest at bay. The waiting trees have a way of letting you know that they have more patience than you have, and one fine day when they're sure that your strength is failing they begin moving back, creeping all over your farm, thrusting upwards, even under your house, and after a while there'll be no trace of human presences left. On the other hand, teams of men and machines can clear away the whole forest. They can also create a desert'.

Mrs. Klautky and Pa-Dan, the ancient derelict cook, started the day at four in the morning. I used to hear Pa-Dan rustling like leaves as he moved about his shed. He had once been a famous axe-man but age had robbed him of everything except the will to live. He looked as though his black skin was stretched tight around a hollow log of bone. They had pensioned him off and he had tried living in the city but one day he had returned: 'I come back to die, I want to lay my bones to rest in these parts, this place is closer to the forest of the long night where I got to go in a little while'.

The men left for work before sunrise, travelling by lorry up the road towards the greenheart forests five miles east of the river. The forest amplifies sounds and a lorry and tractor boomed as loudly as surf at high tide. There was something terrible about seeing a man cut down a fifty-year-old greenheart tree, a perfect creation of nature thrusting straight up beyond the roof of lesser trees. Some of them reach a height of more than 200 feet. And the greenheart wins out in the struggle for sun and air because it has no lower foliage for parasites to cling to, only a small umbrella of branches and leaves at the top. A man stands on a seven-foot-high platform and swings his axe. The blade bites into the trunk deepening the initial wound until it becomes a mortal one. The outer rings of the trunk are greenish yellow in colour but the heart is dark green.

Buddy Rich, Mrs. Klautky's brother, was foreman, and he never allowed the men to forget it. He was a big, agile man with a drooping mandarin moustache, a mixture of Negro and Arawak. He was the greatest hunter, tracker, guide, in the whole of the upper Demerara area. He knew this land, he told me, 'better than the smell of his own sweat'. He lived ten miles down the river from Wabracabra at a place called Tibicouricouyaha, the place of stranded rocks; for there, as though a giant had rolled them down from the surrounding hills, one can see huge boulders in the river. And from the sandy river-banks children swim out and sun themselves on these rocks like lizards. We had stopped in at Buddy Rich's house on our way up. He lived in a modern bungalow which had all the amenities of a middle-class household in the city—refrigerator, radio, and its own electric power plant. The better-off families on the Demerara regard these things as necessities.

I used to walk up the road and listen to the tinamous singing in the evenings. These big birds flute their mating songs across the waste of treetops, carrying sustained notes higher and higher as though their throats were flageolets. Buddy Rich came with me one evening. He was always more talkative when we were alone. He told me about how people behaved when they were lost in the forest.

'It's a funny thing, but just as a man knows that he's lost he starts running. I must have tracked down nearly a hundred people in my time and they all act as if a tiger's behind them on the first day. The last person I went after was John Klautky, the one who died. They came for me at midnight to tell me that he hadn't come home. I picked up his trail about two o'clock. He knew the bush better than most and he left markers at first but afterwards he forgot to leave them. He was going so fast I had to take a short cut. People never walk in a straight line when they're lost; they always go in circles. John had wounded a bush turkey and started out after it, that's how he got lost. When I found him he was sitting on a stump. I called out to him softly—you see you have to do that; when a man doesn't hear a voice for days he's liable to jump up and run away. There was something on John's

face when I looked at him that day, an expression that made me know that it wasn't John chasing the bush turkey but Death that was chasing him. Two weeks after he met with the accident'.

A few days before I left for the city we went up-river to the Great Falls, a staircase of gigantic rocks down which the river tumbled. Beyond this point is untamed and uncharted forest, rivers, mountains, swamps. It was the dry season and the river was low. Two arms of raging water circled an island at the Great Falls. 'This is the frontier', Dick said. 'There's valuable timber and Heaven knows what else from here on, but you can't get it out without building roads, railways, and airstrips'. Buddy Rich is the only person alive who knows this part of the world and it gives him a kind of devilish satisfaction. From here on he is monarch of all he surveys; he acts as guide for almost every big expedition that goes beyond the Great Falls.

That night Roza, one of the timbermen, drank too much bush rum and went

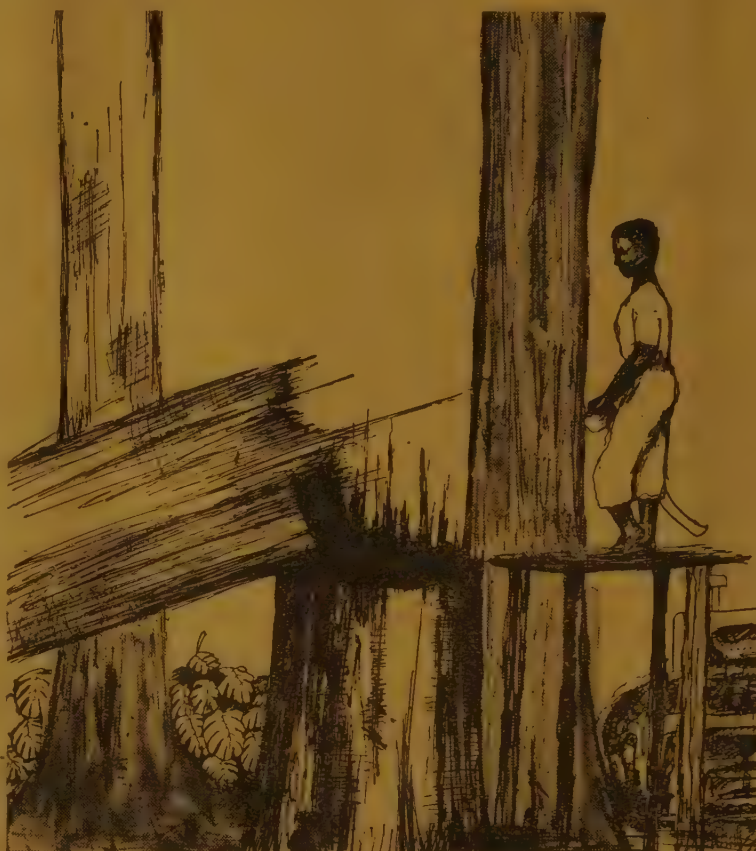
berserk with a revolver. Mrs. Klautky took down her shotgun from the wall and went after him. She disarmed him, marched him back to his hammock, and ordered him to stay there. Then next morning she read him a lesson from the Bible, and a very sheepish Roza apologized and promised to mend his ways. He was a big man with big hands, and once, Dick told me, he had seen him strangle a medium-sized boa constrictor to death.

'What are you going to do when you finish your two years as an intern?' I asked Dick.

'I'll come back here. I learnt to fly in Germany so I'll buy an airplane and become a bush doctor'.

We left in the early morning. It had been raining up-river and the current was swift. The speed-boat was doing about thirty miles an hour but Dick, who was steering, knew every submerged rock, every sandbank, and he could detect a fallen tree half a mile away.

—Third Programme



'There was something terrible about seeing a man cut down a fifty-year-old greenheart tree': a drawing by Aubrey Williams

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Neither Child nor Lunatic

By BARBARA WOOTTON

UNTIL recently English (but not Scottish) law on criminal responsibility rested upon three simple assumptions. The first was that everybody, except children under eight and lunatics, knew the difference between right and wrong, at any rate as those terms are understood in English law. The second was that everybody, apart from the same two exceptions, was able to choose between doing right and doing wrong; and the third was that anyone who chose to do wrong might properly be punished for this. In that way a clear and rigid line was drawn between those who were fully responsible for their criminal actions, and those who were wholly exempt from responsibility because of either tender years or insanity: no middle category of the semi-responsible was recognized. About children, I want to say only two things: first, that there obviously must be some age below which a child cannot be expected to understand the difference between right and wrong; and, second, that the age in this country is at the moment unusually low.

Controversy about the case of lunatics, on the other hand, has long been rampant. As is well known, insanity in this context was until lately very narrowly defined by the McNaghten rules so as in all circumstances to include only those who were so mad that they either did not know what they were doing or did not know that they were doing wrong—even when they committed murders. Such a definition is a highly intellectual conception of madness: the operative verb in the formula is always 'know'. For that it has been much criticized; because, it is said, a man may also be irresponsible, or at any rate not fully responsible, if he suffers from some disorder of his emotions or of his will, just as much as if his intellectual capacity or his understanding is impaired.

Homicide Act and Mental Health Act

Thanks to this criticism, we are now faced with two new and potentially radical developments in our law. The first is the Homicide Act of 1957. This Act (which incidentally brings English law more nearly into line with that of Scotland) allows a defence of diminished responsibility due to abnormality of mind in cases of homicide. This defence has already been raised in over seventy cases, and, if it succeeds, a charge of murder is reduced to one of manslaughter. Secondly, the Mental Health Act proposes to recognize an entirely new category of irresponsible persons to be known as psychopaths, who are defined as persons under the age of twenty-one who suffer from a persistent disorder or disability of mind which results in abnormally aggressive or seriously irresponsible conduct—other than promiscuity or immorality, presumably in the sexual sense. In harmony with the contemporary tendency to play down the intellectual element in mental disorders, it is further expressly stated that a psychopath need not be a person of subnormal intelligence; though his condition must be one which requires or is susceptible to medical treatment.

From a legal angle there are certain differences between these two enactments. On the one hand the Homicide Act provides an entirely new defence, permitting a more serious charge to be reduced to a less serious one. The Mental Health Act, on the other hand, makes it possible for court procedure to be by-passed altogether; or, alternatively, for the courts to deal in an entirely new way with convicted persons. Since a psychopath can be diagnosed as such, and if necessary detained compulsorily in hospital up to the age of twenty-five (or even longer if he is dangerous), merely on the recommendation of two doctors, his seriously irresponsible or abnormally aggressive conduct may never be the subject of any criminal charge at all. Alternatively, if he is convicted of an offence and afterwards diagnosed as a case of psychopathy, the court can have him detained in a hospital instead of, say, sending him to prison, as it can at present.

At the moment, however, it is the likeness rather than the differences between these two developments that I want to emphasize. Both of them by implication retain the traditional distinction between persons who are responsible, and therefore punishable, for their criminal actions and those who are not; but both of them propose to draw a line between these two categories in a new place; while the Homicide Act for the first time does recognize degrees of responsibility.

Criterion of Irresponsibility

These new distinctions, let us not forget, may really involve questions of life or death or risk of prolonged loss of personal liberty, and they have to be drawn in practice by judges, magistrates and jurymen who may be wholly unversed in the niceties of modern psychiatry. The crux of the problem lies in the necessity of finding some criterion of irresponsibility which is itself independent of the commission of the offence. Because, failing that, we get trapped in the vicious circle in which a person is said to be not responsible, or only partially responsible, for his criminal actions, because of his mental condition, while the proof of this mental condition is found in the fact that he did commit those actions.

Various solutions have been suggested. One which has a certain commonsensical appeal is that actions which appear to be irrational or to proceed from peculiar motives, motives that ordinary people do not experience—or even to be motiveless—may be taken as evidence of diminished responsibility. But that, I think, is open to two serious objections: first, our notion of what ought to be regarded as 'normal' or 'rational', and what as 'peculiar' motives is itself largely a reflection of a particular cultural tradition. In our own 'acquisitive society' it is thought to be rational, though not always permissible, to do almost anything for money, but alas! not for fun. If a person burns down a house in order to get the insurance money, we think of him as rational, though criminal, and treat him as liable to be punished. But if he burns down the house for fun—because he likes to see the blaze or as an unusual method of roasting a pig—then his action is treated as irrational or motiveless, and he is thought to be at least mildly crazy and therefore not wholly responsible. That is how *we* see it; but not everyone else would agree.

The second objection to this theory of peculiar motivation as a sign of diminished responsibility is that one cannot know that 'peculiar' motives are harder to resist than 'normal' ones. There are, for example, men who suffer from a crazy desire to cut off women's hair: on what grounds are we justified in assuming that this is a more powerful urge than a hungry man's entirely rational impulse to steal? Or that it is harder to refrain from killing people whom you wrongly imagine to be persecuting you than those who are really doing so? I should have thought that it would seem safer and more reasonable to treat a fear of persecution, real and imaginary alike, simply as a mitigating circumstance.

Disturbances, Emotional and Intellectual

Another solution is that which argues that abnormality of mind which results in diminished responsibility must manifest itself in some *other* symptoms as well as in reduced capacity to resist criminal temptations. These symptoms may be either intellectual or emotional. In many of the Scottish cases, as also in some of the English ones under the new Act, a plea of intellectual deficiency has in fact been advanced as indicative of diminished responsibility. This has the merit of being easily understood by laymen ('Poor chap', we say, 'he had the mind of a child of eight'); but of course it does not meet the main criticism directed against the McNaghten rules, namely, that no allowance is made for those whose mental disturbances are emotional and not intellectual; and it has in fact been established in the courts that

intellectual deficiency as reflected in a low intelligence quotient is not a necessary ingredient in diminished responsibility.

To infer diminished responsibility from emotional disorders is, however, a hardly less dubious business than drawing a similar inference from 'peculiar' motives: and for much the same reasons. Some people commit crimes when they are extremely anxious or depressed: but whether these conditions make it harder for them to resist temptation than for people whose state of mind is more cheerful is surely anybody's guess. The Homicide Act speaks of an abnormality of mind such as impairs a man's responsibility, implying, it would seem, that the one is the cause of the other. Yet there is often no easily demonstrable connexion between a man's emotional condition and his culpability for an offence: certainly no such clear connexion as in the cases covered by the McNaghten formula, in which an offender must be so mad that he does not even know that he is committing a crime. That being so, it might well be argued that if criminal responsibility is to be mitigated by emotional disorder, then a similar allowance ought to be made for physical disorder; especially as the contemporary tendency is all in favour (too much so in my opinion, but that is another story) of obliterating the distinction between mental and physical illness. If a man who is severely depressed is to be wholly or partially excused responsibility for crimes which he knows quite well he ought not to commit, might not someone suffering from, say, an incurable tumour claim the same privilege?

The Psychopath

Anyway, none of this helps us with the problem of the psychopath, because the psychopath has *no* other symptom, intellectual or emotional, which he can plead as an excuse for his outrageous behaviour. It is just by the persistence of his behaviour, and by his failure to respond to the ordinary stimuli of reward and punishment, that we identify him. As Lord Taylor, himself a distinguished psychiatrist, said in the House of Lords: 'We do not know anything peculiar, medically speaking, about psychopaths, except that they behave in an abnormal way, and continually and persistently behave in an abnormally anti-social way. There is no great wondrous test that can be performed to demonstrate psychopathy. It is just that psychopaths are persistent rogues'.

So under the Mental Health Act we come to the position in which the persistently anti-social person, whether he appears before the courts or not, is to be treated as a sick man not responsible for his actions; while his intermittently anti-social counterpart remains answerable and punishable for his offences. Each of these parties might, I think, reasonably have a grievance. The psychopath can complain that he loses his liberty without ever having been charged with, still less convicted of, any offence; and that he is thus deprived of due process of law. The intermittent offender can complain that he is held responsible and punished for his offences, when others who differ from him only in respect of their still greater wickedness are treated as sick people who cannot help themselves.

Certainly if these provisions are interpreted literally, we may eventually reach an odd position. The hospitals will deal with all the persistent offenders under twenty-one except sexual cases (but including the teddy boys and toughs of whom we hear so much these days) and all the dangerous offenders over that age; while the courts will deal with occasional offenders under twenty-one and recidivists over that age provided that they are not thought to be dangerous; and they will also deal with all sexual offenders. It is difficult to see how this makes sense.

Nor does the provision that the psychopath's condition must require or be susceptible to medical treatment solve the logical, as distinct from the practical, problem posed by the psychopath. The Act, it will be noticed, does not confine psychopaths to those likely to benefit from medical treatment; it includes also those who require such treatment but are not in the present state of knowledge susceptible to it. Of course there is much to be said on purely practical grounds for assigning to hospitals those whom hospitals have shown themselves able to deal with, and to the courts those whom the courts can best handle. But as a test of criminal responsibility, susceptibility to medical treatment is absurd. Susceptibility to medical treatment depends upon the

state of medical knowledge. And to say that A must be judged guilty and punished because the doctors do not yet know what to do with him, while B must not be held responsible for his actions because he can be reformed by medical attention, is really to dig the grave of the whole concept of responsibility: for A, poor soul, is being punished not for his offence but for the limitations of medical knowledge. In a year or two's time, when medical science has advanced a little more, people like him also will rank as psychopaths and be treated as sick, not as wicked. The truth is that to suggest that the limits of a man's ability to resist criminal temptations are set by the state of medical knowledge for the time being is really an admission that nobody can help anything, though some people may be, at the moment, easier to deal with medically than others.

Thin Edge of a Thick Wedge

In fact, once the grossly and persistently anti-social can claim to be treated as medical, and not as moral, cases, it is surely only a question of time before the mildly anti-social claim the same privilege. That is why the creation of the new category of psychopaths is the thin end of what may eventually prove to be an enormously thick wedge: so thick that it threatens to split wide open the fundamental principles upon which our whole penal system is based—undermining the simple propositions that I started with, as to the responsibility of every sane adult for his own actions, as to his freedom to choose between good and evil and as to his liability to be punished should he prefer evil.

The strength of the McNaghten formula was that it did provide a criterion for distinguishing between the guilty and the crazy which was independent of anybody's criminal conduct. A man's capacity for understanding can be tested in various ways, and it is demonstrated in many aspects of his behaviour. This criterion, moreover, was not only intelligible to the layman: it satisfied certain elementary requirements of justice. You really cannot blame a man who does not even know that he is doing wrong; any more than you can blame a baby in a perambulator for snatching something off a shop counter. But the weakness of the formula was its narrowness. It is equally unreasonable after all to blame a man for doing what he cannot help. Yet once that is admitted we are faced with the question of deciding who can help what; and that, I think, is unanswerable. None of the suggested solutions is logically tenable.

The Only Solution?

Yet this is the issue with which juries now have to struggle already under the Homicide Act; and men will hang or not hang according to the answers which they reach. Personally I do not see how this state of affairs can continue indefinitely. Nor, indeed, do I see any reason why it should. The only solution, as I see it, is to give up trying to draw the line between the responsible and the irresponsible, and to recognize that once we have departed from the comparative security of the McNaghten formula there is no logical resting place short of abandoning the question of responsibility altogether. In fact, that is just what has already happened, under the Mental Health Act. In the case of the psychopath, the question whether he can, or cannot, help his outrageous behaviour is simply not asked: the only issue is his need for, or probable response, to treatment. So perhaps in the end we shall come to that in the courts also. In that case everything except treatment—guilt, responsibility, and all the rest of it—would become irrelevant. At least such a system would be *both* humane and effective, which is more than can be said for what we have now.—*Third Programme*

The latest volume of the Cambridge Studies in English Legal History deals with a later period than usual, but with the high standard typical of the series in the past. Its title is *The Attorney in Eighteenth-Century England* by Dr. Robert Robson of Trinity College (C.U.P., 25s.) The book should be particularly useful to social historians. The eighteenth century witnessed a rise in the importance of the professional classes in Britain, conspicuous among whom were attorneys and solicitors. In his last chapter, 'The Road to Respectability', Dr. Robson contrasts the position of the lawyer in about 1700, commonly regarded as a parasite and robber, with his elevation by 1800 to become a bulwark of ordered nineteenth-century society.

General Election Broadcasts

Mr. Hugh Gaitskell

WE are fighting this election partly on the record of the Tory Government and partly on our programme for the future. I'll begin with the Tory record, and I'll tell you straight away what our main criticism is: that Britain can be and should be much better off, and that a lot of people in Britain, several million in fact, are suffering quite unnecessary hardship.

Let's begin with jobs. Under this Government we've had the worst period of unemployment since the war. Over 620,000 people were out of work last January. Things have improved a little in the last few months, but part of this is seasonal, just the time of year. In August, when unemployment is usually low, there were still 430,000 out of work. Of course, in some parts, it's not too bad, but in others unemployment is pretty heavy. In Scotland, for instance, in North and South Wales, in Northern Ireland, in parts of Lancashire, Merseyside; you've places here with one in ten, and even more than that out of work.

Next: production—which is the basis of everything. We can't enjoy higher living standards unless it goes up year by year. But for most of these last four years we've had absolutely no increase in production at all. The record here is just about the worst among all industrial nations. I have the figures in front of me. Taking from 1955 to the first quarter of this year, production in Britain went up 2 per cent.; in Holland and Canada it went up 2½ per cent.; in West Germany 21 per cent.; in Italy 24 per cent.; in France 30 per cent.; in Japan 60 per cent.; in Britain under 2 per cent.

Cost of living: retail prices have risen since 1955 by another 2s. 6d. in the pound. That makes a 6s. in the pound increase since 1951. Again, in the last few months, there has been a little stability. But what a scandal if there hadn't been, seeing that the prices of what we buy from abroad have actually fallen by 2s. in the pound.

Rents: a sharp rise everywhere, partly because the Government lifted the controls and allowed the landlords to charge substantially more, partly because through high interest rates and abolishing the general housing subsidy the Government literally forced the local councils to put up the rents of council houses. Mortgage payments: it's the same story. For instance, on a £2,000 house, people have to pay at least 10s. a week more than they did under Labour. House building: private house building has gone up, yes. But the number of council houses built—desperately needed to relieve overcrowding and to get rid of slums—has been falling year by year. Last year 20,000 fewer were completed than in 1951. And despite the desperate need, again because of overcrowding, only one new hospital has been actually completed. It's not terribly impressive, is it, really? Takes a bit of the gloss off those posters.

Of course, some people have done well enough. On the Stock Exchange the value of securities has gone up by over half as much gain since the beginning of 1958. If you were

lucky enough to have £10,000 and you'd invested it in stocks of well-known large companies then, it would be worth £15,500 today. And by far the greater part of these gains go to a very few people indeed. It's not the small savers who get much chance of this. When take-over bids occur the process is even more spectacular. For example, the value of British Aluminium shares went up by £12,000,000 in a few months. And, of course, it's best of all if you happen to be a director they want to get rid of. An average of £50,000, tax free, was recently paid to each of eleven redundant directors—no wonder it's been called the golden handshake. I just don't think it's right, in comparison with cotton operatives who get £200 when they're chucked out after spending a lifetime in their industry. And, to me at least, it tastes bad when at the same time the Tories won't even raise pensions by 10s. a week.

So much for the record. Now about our programme. I begin with pensions. It's time we as a community really faced this problem. One million of them on National Assistance, another half million too proud to claim it, and many others having a pretty hard struggle. What do we propose? First, we shall raise the basic pension by 10s. a week immediately. That will make a tremendous difference for many people. And, secondly, we guarantee it won't lose its value. If prices go up, then the pension will go up automatically. The Tories, of course, have turned all this down. Third, to solve the problem in the future, there's our National Superannuation Plan. When it's fully working, it will mean half pay on retirement on the average. Those who are in private schemes, which can offer as good terms as the national scheme, will be able to contract out, if they wish. Otherwise, everybody, including women who work, will be in; and I am sure they won't want to be out.

We shall conduct a special review of all widows' pensions, paying particular attention to the earnings limit, and in any case we shall increase to £1 a week the basic pension of the 10s. widow, as she's called, which has not been changed since 1948.

You know, the Tory scheme is not even a poor imitation of ours. It gives no increase to those on pension now; it doesn't raise pensions if prices rise; it leaves out 8,000,000 people earning less than £9 a week—the poorest paid workers; it doesn't provide anything like half-pay on retirement. In fact it's terribly poor value, a lot worse even than the private schemes. This is because a large part of the graded contribution is simply taken by the Chancellor of the Exchequer under their scheme for other purposes, and it really amounts to a tax.

Now a word about education. The Russians, with much lower living standards, are spending three times as much per head of the population on education as we are. They think it's important for the future. Well, so do I. We shall therefore build more modern schools, and train more teachers, so that the classes are smaller. No more than thirty in a class is a reasonable target. And we shall get rid of the eleven-plus examination so that the doors of opportunity are not closed to the majority of children,

as they are at present, but remain open.

Housing: if you represented, as I do, people living in an industrial city, you'd know just how much sheer unhappiness is caused through slums and overcrowding. And you'd want to end the situation by which 7,000,000 houses are still without bathrooms and indoor toilets, which the rest of us take for granted. But the terrific job of modernizing all these houses—they're quite solid, most of them—can really only be done by the local councils, and it will take them some time. A lot of people want to buy their own homes. I'm all for it; and we shall give the tenants the chance to buy these older houses if they want to, and we shall help them and other small house purchasers by lowering mortgage rates.

Well, these are the most important things we want to do. The money for it can be found quite easily, so long as we expand our production year by year. Of course, we shall space out our programme carefully so that the costs can be met annually out of rising production. Then, with everybody producing and earning more every year, the present levels of tax will, of course, bring in more money. For example, if in these last four years production had been rising as fast as it did under Labour, the Chancellor, Mr. Amory, would have had over £500,000,000 more coming in than he's actually received, all without any increase in tax rates. So you see the money we need will come in all right if we get production up again.

That's another reason, incidentally, why a policy of stagnation and unemployment at home is so disastrous. You see, this is the Tory dilemma. Their free-for-all policies make it impossible to have industrial expansion without prices rising, so they hold back production in the desperate hope that this will stop the rise in prices. And we know only too well, it didn't succeed, but this is what they were trying to do, and you can be pretty sure they'll be driven to try it again because this is the logic of their philosophy.

Why should it be so? Because when industry is given the go-ahead and firms are stimulated to produce and invest more, there is always a danger, when you're near full employment, that prices and costs will rise. We shall have to face this danger ourselves, when we begin our policy of expansion, but we shall overcome it in two ways: first, we shall be prepared to use a few key controls to prevent the boom getting out of hand; and, secondly, as a government, we shall secure full co-operation with the unions and employers to stop costs and prices from rising. We can get that co-operation if, but only if, our taxation and social policies are fair and appeal to the workers, and are seen to be fair.

The other day I said to the trade unions that they had to choose between co-operating in a planned expansion or slipping back into decline and decay. But this isn't really a choice only for the unions, it's a choice for all of us. Faced with that choice there surely can be no doubt what our answer must be. The way ahead must be the way of expansion. I'm not saying for one moment it'll always be easy; it certainly calls for self-discipline, for understanding,

for a greater sense of responsibility to one another, a deeper feeling, if you like, of national unity. But, personally, I believe that we in Britain have these particular qualities in a special way.

There are some other points I'd like to mention. For instance, the present tax laws are unfair. They are too tough on most people, on the wage and salary earners under P.A.Y.E., and they're too easy on the people who get their money the easy way and don't pay tax on it either. And that's got to be put right.

Another thing, quite different: we want to make this country a livelier place for children to grow up in, so we're going to look at some of the out-of-date laws that restrict people's freedom today. And we're going to encourage the arts, and the youth service and see to it that all over the country the teenagers get a better break.

And last, but not least, there's the whole field of foreign and Commonwealth policy. Well, we'll be covering all these and other points during the campaign. But there's one last thing I want to say to you tonight; it's about Mr. Khrushchev's new total disarmament proposals. I say we should accept them in principle. After all, scrap the lot, all the arms, is surely just what we all want to see, providing it is the lot everywhere and they really are scrapped. So I'd go for general agreement at the Summit and then I'd make the Disarmament Committee get down to brass tacks on the details. Nothing could be worse than to dismiss these proposals as just propaganda. If Mr. Khrushchev is prepared to accept proper inspection and control, it will be a tremendous thing and the best hope for the world. For goodness sake, let's take him up on it. We mustn't lose the chance.—September 19

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd

I AM going to talk about foreign policy. We all want peace, stability, and disarmament. The question is: How do we propose to try to get these things during the next five years and after?

I got back on Saturday from attending the General Assembly of the United Nations. During the next five years we have to continue to develop the capability of the United Nations to promote peace and justice. The Security Council, except over Korea, in the absence of the Russians, has not been able to act quickly in emergencies. That, as we know, is one of the difficulties. The fault has not been that of the organization, but of the deep differences between the permanent members of the Security Council. All the same, when time has been gained for it to operate, United Nations does conciliate, does reconcile differences, does help to keep the peace.

To give examples: the Emergency Force is doing good work on the frontiers of Egypt and Israel; United Nations representatives have helped to bring about better relations between Jordan and her neighbours; in the case of Laos, the Security Council has sent out a sub-committee of its members to try to assess the situation. We also support the development of a United Nations stand-by force, with individuals or contingents earmarked for it by governments to shorten the time-gap between decision and action. We believe the United Nations is the place for the great issues of the day to be

debated. We strongly support the work of the specialized agencies.

Secondly, until conditions change we must maintain our defensive alliances. Nato, for example, has been the shield behind which the countries of Western Europe have managed to remain free. It would be disastrous to adopt any plan which weakened Nato, or sowed the seeds of its destruction.

The socialist scheme for what they call 'disengagement' would alter the balance in Europe against us; it would weaken Nato, it would lead the United States to abandon Europe. I believe that every one of our European allies is opposed to this plan. While we must hold to our collective defences—for you do not do better with the Soviet Union by negotiating from weakness—we must at the same time lose no chance to improve East-West relations. After the Soviet Note, amounting to an ultimatum, last November about Berlin, the Prime Minister and I went to Moscow. We thought the time had come for frank talks with the Soviet leaders about the way things were developing. The talks certainly were frank. During them came the Soviet agreement to the Foreign Ministers' conference in Geneva. That conference did not achieve specific results. It did, however, bring us closer to an agreement on Berlin. It helped to create a different atmosphere, in which further improvement in relations between the two blocs is possible.

We think that this process would be assisted by a meeting between Heads of Governments—a Summit Meeting. Of course, Heads of Governments at a single meeting cannot find some magic formula for solving all the problems of this troubled world. But we hope it will be the first of a series, and that taking the problems one by one we will solve them. The free world will never accept communism, but the two systems have to learn to live together if humanity is not to destroy itself.

This idea of a Summit Meeting is not a new feature of Government policy. Sir Winston Churchill called for one in 1950; he was bitterly criticized by the Labour leaders. It was the Conservatives who played a leading part in arranging the Conference of 1955. Since that time, we have always been anxious for another meeting, just as soon as there seemed to be some chance that it would produce useful results. In our view, the work of the Geneva Conference has now paved the way.

In Moscow, we agreed with the Soviet leaders to try to improve our relations by means other than just talks. We decided that action was required in the fields of trade, personal contacts, cultural exchanges, and improving the communications between the two countries. Since we left Moscow, specific agreements have been entered into on all these matters—agreements which are at least a beginning.

My next point is that a world in which some countries are steadily growing richer and others poorer will not be a stable or peaceful one. We must invest abroad in one form or another all that the country can afford. That is what we are doing. We are now doing twice what we could manage eight years ago. We have put up our share of the increased capital of the International Bank and Monetary Fund. We have promised our proportion of the \$100,000,000 capital of the International Development Association. This is in addition to what we do under the Colombo

Plan, our colonial development schemes and other Commonwealth obligations. This is in addition to all the private investment. Next year, we will give the equivalent of \$8,000,000 compared with \$3,250,000 this year, to the United Nations' Special Fund, and to the expanded programme for technical assistance. We are increasing our contribution to the Children's Fund by \$280,000. We have a record of help to refugees which compares favourably with any other country except the United States. I am very proud that the idea of a World Refugee Year, which has received such wide support, originated with a little group of young men in London.

All this help depends entirely on our position at home. This is where domestic policy so much affects foreign policy. A sound economy, a good financial position, a prosperous, self-supporting country, with a pound sterling held in general confidence are the strongest weapons that can be put into the hand of any Foreign Secretary. I believe that the socialist programme, if carried out, will destroy that strong position. You cannot invest or lend a deficit. Surely, the differences between our present position and that of our opponents in 1951 is an object lesson.

Now for disarmament. The aim is clear: I stated it last Thursday in the United Nations. We want to move forward by balanced stages towards the abolition of all nuclear weapons and weapons of mass destruction, and towards the reduction of other weapons and armed forces to levels which would rule out the possibility of aggressive war. The difficulty is to get agreement on how to carry out that process.

I am not going into the full record of the discussions during the last eight years. I think any fair-minded person would agree that the British Government has taken the initiative again and again. The trouble has almost always been over control. Control is the essence of disarmament. You will only get people to make and keep agreements about disarmament if they know that the other side will keep those agreements too. There must, therefore, be an effective international system of inspection and control.

Last Thursday, in New York, I gave in some detail the outline of a programme which would end in comprehensive or general disarmament. The following day Mr. Khrushchev made his speech at the United Nations. It showed that his declared objective also is comprehensive disarmament. He made certain proposals of a general nature for a programme involving three stages. As far as control was concerned, he said that the scope of control and inspection should correspond to the extent of 'the phased disarmament of states'. Only at the end of the process of complete disarmament would the international control body have free access to all objects under control. I welcome the fact that Mr. Khrushchev has made these proposals. They must be examined carefully and constructively, and this should be done by the new disarmament body of ten nations for which there was unanimous agreement in the United Nations of September 10.

Our own programme is based on long experience of what is feasible. The differences between the two sets of proposals are matters for argument and discussion. If there is the general will to reach the objective of comprehensive disarmament, I believe that it is within our power to do so. This is a much better way of dealing with

the spread of nuclear weapons than the idea of a non-nuclear club, put forward by our opponents. Under that idea, nuclear weapons would remain but would all belong to the United States and the Soviet Union. The rest of us would agree, under strict control, not to possess, make, or use these weapons. This would mean complete international control of all atomic plants, armed forces, and armaments, except in the Soviet Union and the United States. Apart from the wisdom or not of surrendering all effective power to the United States and the Soviet Union, there is not the slightest chance of many countries—for example, Communist China—accepting the degree of control necessary, particularly when it would not apply to the United States or the Soviet Union.

Mr. Frank Cousins, at the Trades Union conference, referring to the suggestion that if France, Germany, China, and other nations—including some in the Middle East—would give up the concept of having the bomb, we should do the same, said: 'It sounds all right, unless we face the fact that we know they won't give it up'. That is the truth, simply stated. Our idea—of comprehensive agreement, by balanced stages—is the only realistic approach.

I have tried to indicate some ways by which progress could be made during the next five years. In all this, I have one source of strength not shared by the other party. On the great issues of nuclear weapons, nuclear tests, disarmament, the maintenance of Nato, and the others, I have the support of a united party.

Of course, as one problem looks like being settled, trouble always seems to start up somewhere else. Nevertheless, I am hopeful about the future. Britain has a unique contribution to make. We may not be relatively so powerful in physical resources as in the past, but we have much to give.

We have shown this during the past few months in Moscow, in Geneva, and—this last week—in the United Nations. I believe that the basic common sense of those who lead the world, assisted by the universal instinct for survival, will bring us to better things. Mankind can destroy itself. Mankind has also the opportunity to achieve higher levels of spiritual and material well-being than have ever before been possible.

—September 21

Three Poems

The Burning of the Pipes

Bangkok, July 1st, 1959

Who had imagined they were government property?—

Wooden cylinders with collars of silver, coming From China, brown and shiny with sweat and age.

Inside them were banks of dreams, shiny with Newness, though doubtless of time-honoured stock.

They were easy to draw on: you pursed your lips

As if to suckle and sucked your breath as if to Sigh: two skills that most of us have mastered.

The dreams themselves weren't government property.

Rather, the religion of the people; while the state Took its tithes and the compliance of sleepers.

Now a strong government dispenses with compliance,

A government with rich friends has no need of tithes.

What acrid jinn was it that entered their flesh? For some, a magic saucer, over green enamelled Parks and lofty flat-faced city offices, to Some new Tamerlane in his ticker-tape triumph—

Romantics! They had been reading books.

Others found the one dream left them: dreamless sleep.

As for us, perhaps we had eaten too much to dream,

To need to dream, I mean, or have to sleep.

For us, a moment of thinking our thoughts were viable,

And hope not a hopeless pipe-dream; for us, The gift of forgiveness for the hole in the road, The dog we ran over on our way to bed.

Wasn't that something? The Chinese invented so much.

A surprise to find they were government property —Sweat-brown bamboo with dull silver inlay— As they blaze in thousands on a government bonfire,

In the government park, by government order! The rice crop is expected to show an increase, More volunteers for the army, and navy, and

Government service, and a decrease in petty crime.

Not the first time that fire destroys a dream.

Coca-cola sellers slither through the crowd; bats Agitate among the rain-trees; flash-bulbs pop.

A holocaust of wooden legs—a miracle constated!

Rubbing his hands, the Marshal steps back from The smoke, lost in a dream of strong government.

Sad, but they couldn't be beaten into T.V. sets;

As tourist souvenirs, no self-respecting state

Could sponsor them, even at thirty dollars each.

D. J. ENRIGHT

A Welsh Testament

'All right, I was Welsh; does it matter?

I spoke the tongue that was passed on

To me in the place I happened to be,

A place huddled between grey walls

Of cloud for at least half the year.

My word for heaven was not yours,

The word for hell had a sharp edge

Put on it by the hand of the wind

Honing, honing with a shrill sound

Day and night. Nothing that Glyndŵr

Knew was armour against the rain's

Missiles. What was descent from him?

Even God had a Welsh name;

We spoke to him in the old language.

He was to have a peculiar care

For the Welsh people. History showed us

He was too big to be nailed to the wall

Of a stone chapel; yet still we crammed him

Between the boards of a black book.

Yet men sought us despite this.

My high cheek-bones, my length of skull

Drew them as to a rare portrait

By a dead master. I saw them stare

From their long cars, as I passed knee-deep

In ewes and wethers. I saw them stand

By the thorn hedges, watching me string

The far flocks on a shrill whistle.

And always there was their eyes' strong

Pressure on me. You are Welsh, they said;

Speak to us so. Keep your fields free

Of the smell of petrol, the loud roar

Of hot tractors. We must have peace

And quietness.

Is a museum

Peace? I asked. Am I the keeper

Of the heart's relics, blowing the dust

In my own eyes? I am a man.

I never wanted the drab rôle

Life assigned me, an actor playing

To the past's audience upon a stage

Of earth and stone; the absurd label

Of birth, of race hanging askew

About my shoulders. I was in prison

Until you came; your voice was a key

Turning in the enormous lock

Of hopelessness. Did the door open

To let me out or yourselves in?

R. S. THOMAS

Detective Story

The theme is violent death. The protagonists Are all familiar. First, we have Sergeant Duff, Plump, pink, and heavy: he is always Either puzzled or wrong. His blundering voice is gruff

But his eyes are kind. His chief, a shrewd Scot, Is rarely absent from this formal plot

Which, like an old morality, proceeds Contrived and leisurely towards its certain end. There is, of course, the victim who, once dead, Is unimportant. Two young lovers lend Silver to this web of spidery threats, But they are safe, their kisses amulets.

Not being really suspect they don't hold Our interest long, as does the wastrel heir To the murdered man's estate, for he behaves Suspiciously and cannot meet the stare Of the Chief Inspector's chill, official eyes. He contradicts himself and plainly lies.

Then we meet the servants, comic and sinister; A doddering scholar and a hefty rowing blue; But, dearest to our hearts, the charming amateur, Graceful and willowy, spotting every clue. The superintendent from the local station Is puzzled by his gift for apt quotation.

And at the end he leaves us all unbaffled, Allows the men from Scotland Yard to claim The credit for discovering who did it, Reveals the state of anyone you name. Except of course the victim who being dead Is unimportant—what is the theme we said?

VERNON SCANNELL

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

September 16—22

Wednesday, September 16

President de Gaulle announces that the Algerian people are to be allowed to decide their own future by a referendum
A block of flats collapses near Bari and a large number of the occupants are killed

Thursday, September 17

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd puts forward a comprehensive disarmament plan in the United Nations General Assembly
Mr. Khrushchev arrives in New York
Members of the Police Federation discuss relations with the public in an interview with the Home Secretary

Friday, September 18

The Queen signs a proclamation dissolving Parliament
Mr. Khrushchev advocates the total abolition of all armaments in a speech to the United Nations General Assembly
Forty-seven miners are killed in a fire at Auchengeich colliery in Scotland
An American Vanguard rocket puts a satellite weighing 100 pounds into orbit around the earth

Saturday, September 19

Mr. Khrushchev visits Hollywood
The Russians resume their jamming of 'Voice of America' broadcasts, which was stopped when Mr. Khrushchev first arrived in America
General Grivas accuses the Greek Government of plotting to 'exterminate' him

Sunday, September 20

Provoked by a speech from the Mayor of Los Angeles, Mr. Khrushchev threatens to break off his tour of the United States
The Battle of Britain is commemorated by a service in Westminster Abbey
Seventeen persons are executed in Iraq for plotting against the state

Monday, September 21

Mr. Khrushchev has a stormy interview with Mr. Walter Reuther and other American labour leaders
The Council of the London Stock Exchange suspends share dealings in the Jasper group of companies

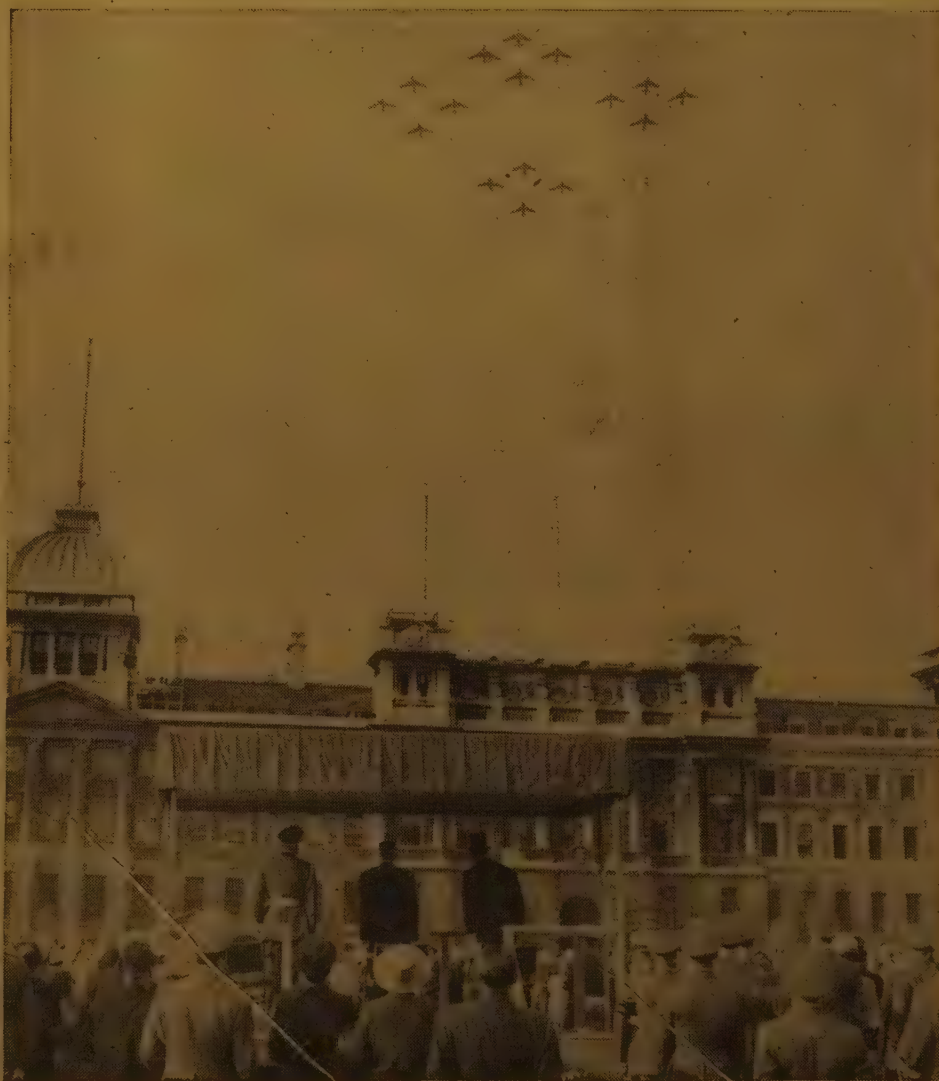
Tuesday, September 22

Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Gaitskill set out on their election campaign tours
Mr. James Swinburn arrives in London following his release from prison in Egypt
Steering committee of the United Nations General Assembly unanimously recommends discussion of Mr. Khrushchev's four-year disarmament plan



A photograph taken at the Russian Embassy in Washington on September 16 when Mr. and Mrs. Khrushchev entertained President and Mrs. Eisenhower to a State Dinner. On the extreme right is Mrs. Barbara Eisenhower, the President's daughter-in-law. Other photographs of Mr. Khrushchev's visit to the United States are on page 469

Princess Alexandra
the State Center
Drum-Major Fl
Caledonian Pipe

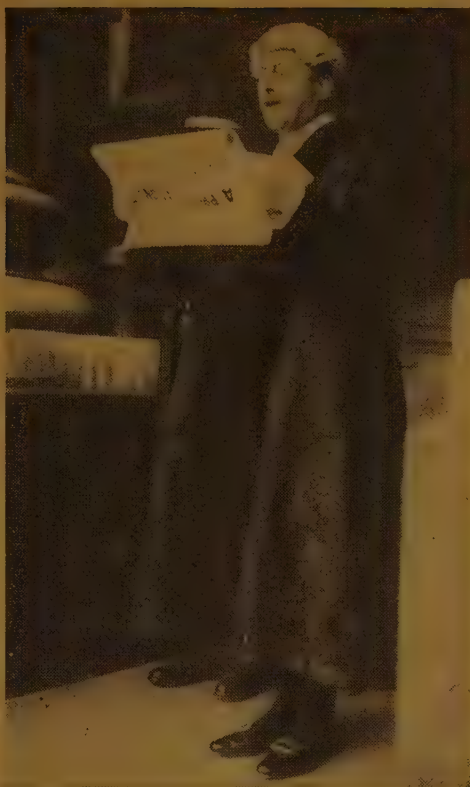


Above: H.M.S.
carrier, ph

Left: Aircraft fly



island in Australia for
She is seen talking to
of the Maryborough
Band's two mascots



Colonel Bruce Lumsden, Common Crier of the
City of London, on the steps of the Royal Ex-
change, reading the Royal Proclamation dissolving
Parliament on September 20



Preparing for the General Election to be held on October 8: Mr. Joseph Grimond,
leader of the Liberal Party, discussing election plans at the Liberal Headquarters with
Mr. Leonard Behrens, Chairman of the Liberal Party Executive



ship of the aircraft carrier squadron and the Royal Navy's most modern
a Royal Navy helicopter when preparing for exercises off Portsmouth
n over the Horse Guards Parade on Battle of Britain Day last Sunday



Sir William Holford's new stone vaulted roof at Eton College Chapel



The Golders Green Hippodrome, London, which has been sold to be converted into an
office block. The sale is conditional on planning permission being granted by Middlesex
County Council. Already 25,000 people have signed a petition to save the theatre



WHICH CAME FIRST : the business or the trip?

A fortnight ago the gentleman on the right was happily combining a visit to his overseas agents with the first real holiday in years. Now he is eagerly planning a new factory in Australia and a totally new export programme. Unusual? Not at all. For this is the P & O First Class Service to Australia. Here in one of the mighty ships of the P & O fleet the British businessman gets a *personal* picture of Australia and the East.

It's inevitable. Out of some six hundred and fifty fellow passengers travelling first-class *nearly half* will be people with similar or connecting interests in the same territory as yourself. A high percentage of those will be people from the very area you are visiting. They'll give you the lie of the land you're visiting as

none else can. Conditions are ideal. On P & O both the sun and the service wear a smile. You have time to know people, to pursue ideas without interruption, to rest properly. You do more constructive work in four weeks at sea than you do in four months at home. Yet you arrive back fresher than when you left!

If you have interests in Aden, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Malaya, the Pacific or 'Down Under'—it *pays* to travel *all or part way* by P & O First Class Service to Australia (or the Far East). Special seasonal terms and Ocean Air (Executive) Tickets are available. Ask someone to check *now* with your Travel Agent or with P & O direct. 14/16 Cockspur St., S.W.1. WHI 4444 or 122 Leadenhall St., E.C.3. AVE 8000.

P & O First Class to Australia is an investment



Twenty-one Years of Broadcasting to Europe

By JAMES MONAHAN, Controller, European Service, B.B.C.

THE European Service of the B.B.C. may have been born, with ramshackle speed, as a premature war-baby—its first broadcasts, in French, German, Italian, were ‘during Munich’ in September 1938—and it may have grown by dint of the provisions of war’s urgency rather than by cautious preparation. But time has proved what, indeed, implicit even twenty-one years ago: just as the character of the parent Corporation was and is, instinctively rather than by set planning, an accurate reflection of the British manner of life, so the European, along with the rest of the External Services, has been essentially no more than an application of B.B.C. principles and traditions (and taboos) to a different set of circumstances.

Reputation for Truth

A White Paper of 1946, authorizing the continued operation of the European and Overseas Broadcasting Services in peace-time, stated categorically that ‘the Corporation’s reputation for telling the truth must be maintained’. Take, for example, that, an observation by an Independent Committee of Inquiry, which reported to the Government in 1954 that ‘the popularity of the B.B.C. External Services depends above all on its high reputation for objective and honest news reporting. We believe this to be a priceless asset. . . .’ Thus the B.B.C.’s reputation for telling the truth is maintained by its External Services and, according to these official British statements, it is precisely for this reason that the External Services have secured their own special national value. Here, then, is the heart of a broadcasting organization which is dedicated to trying to tell the truth, and the strict application of that conception to foreign as well as home audiences.

What follows from that is a word about the relationship between the B.B.C. and the Government. Note, that I say ‘the B.B.C.’, not ‘the External Services’, for here again it is the similarity, not the differences, which needs to be stressed. Independence from editorial control by the Government of the day is something which the European and Overseas Services inherited and share with all the rest of the B.B.C. It is, after all, a fact that the External Services, though they share in all the B.B.C.’s facilities, get their money not from the licence paid by the listener and viewer, but by Parliament’s annual vote on a budget submitted by the Government. The Government, through the ‘prescribing departments’, as they are known in context (that is the Foreign, Colonial and Commonwealth Relations and War Offices and the Board of Trade), decides for how much time in what languages the External Services will broadcast. There is, besides, a special function on the External Services that they should inform themselves of government policy in order to help them in their general task of broadcasting ‘in the national interest’.

All this makes for a particularly close co-

operation between the Government (that is, ‘the prescribing departments’) and the External Services. But I use the word ‘co-operation’ (not ‘interdependence’) advisedly; for the limits of the relationship are clearly and emphatically drawn at the point where editorial responsibility begins. Editorial responsibility belongs to the External Services—just as much as it does to the rest of the B.B.C. One thing the Government could do, not only to the External but to any of the B.B.C.’s Services: it could assert its right of veto. This has never been done by any Government. And that brings me back to my theme—the basic similarity of relationship between the Government, on the one hand, and, on the other, not only the remainder of the B.B.C. but the External Services as well. Of course it is a relationship founded on mutual goodwill and respect; and if British ‘public service’ broadcasting (to ‘home’ or ‘abroad’) were not conducted in the national interest and if a British Government—in what would be a thoroughly un-British way—ruthlessly and narrowly interpreted the national interest as being just the interest of its own party, then the system would break down.

The Genuine ‘Voice of Britain’

Sir Ian Jacob, the Director-General of the B.B.C., once wrote that ‘Britain has a vested interest in truth’; and that, I suggest, is borne out by the kind of news—and political comment and other programmes—put out by the B.B.C. to foreign and British listeners. It has also been said that both sides—the Government and the B.B.C.—have a vested interest in keeping viable the relationship between the ‘editorially responsible’ External Services and the co-operative, financially responsible ‘prescribing departments’. The interest here vested by both sides is their common experience that the system does seem to work and does seem to produce the genuine ‘voice of Britain’, speaking for all Britain and not just for any one faction. When a recent friendly observer from the United States remarked that trying to unravel the realities of ‘policy control’ over the B.B.C.’s External Services was like wrestling with an octopus in a rowing boat, he was entitled, certainly, to his bewilderment; this ‘policy control’ is, indeed, many-stranded. But, essentially, it is clear enough. And the essence of it is a common, basic agreement on what is meant by ‘the national interest’.

A Distinct Entity

Objective reporting, editorial independence from the Government: of all the characteristics which are common to all the B.B.C., these are, perhaps, the most important to bear in mind in considering the European Service. But the personality of the European Service is also a thing-in-itself, a distinct entity. The distinction lies, first of all perhaps, in the Service’s recollections of the start of the ‘V-sign’ by Victor

de Lavelaye of the Belgian Section in July 1941; of the shepherds’ pipes and sheep bells which were the pre-war identity-signal of the Greek national radio and which were handed to the B.B.C. for safe keeping during the German occupation of Greece; of ‘*les trois amis*’; of ‘*il Colonnello Buona Sera*’; of the announcement by the German Service after each news bulletin in 1941 that ‘this is the end of the news on the thirtieth (or three-hundredth) day of the year for which Hitler has promised you final victory’; of the D-Day announcements to European listeners by Shaf’s spokesman from a European Service studio; of the tribute from Léon Blum, who had consistently listened to ‘*Ici Londres*’ in his German captivity; of the tribute also from a German woman who told a member of the German Service after the war: ‘If you could be so frank about those defeats (Dunkirk, Crete, Singapore) it was clear you must be very strong indeed’. Or, again, there was the report from Czechoslovakia that in September 1941, on the day after the B.B.C.’s Czech broadcast had called for a boycott of the Czech press, not one newspaper was sold in Prague.

Reports, tributes, experiences (and legends) of the war years—there has never been a broadcasting service, within the B.B.C. or outside it, with quite so vast and so various a store of vivid, exhilarating, poignant, and honourable memories. But, in all their variety and abundance, they are memories set in one precise and definite framework—that of the ardent common purpose of those men and women of all those European nationalities who united in London to help win the war by their broadcasts to the Continent. It is this intense unity in wide diversity which first gave to the B.B.C.’s European Service the particular spirit which still permeates it today.

Listening in the Soviet orbit

It is an enduring spirit. Plainly enough, there is a likeness, if not quite an identity of urgency, between the work of the European Service for the audiences of occupied Europe and of Germany during the war and the kind of work which it does now for the audiences in the Soviet orbit and in the Soviet Union itself. In those countries the reasons for listening to the B.B.C. and to other Western broadcasts and the conditions (not least those of jamming) under which the listening is done are like enough to those which obtained in occupied Europe and in Germany during the war.

Whether one calls these last ten years a period of peace or of cold war, they have also produced their evidence of the effectiveness of the European broadcasts from London; and they, too, have produced their poignant and heartening tributes. I think of the testimony from Poland, in and since the fateful autumn of 1956, that the Polish broadcasts from London had been widely heard and appreciated, despite the jamming, and highly if grudgingly respected by the Communist authorities; or of the many letters

which reach the German Service from listeners in the Soviet zone; or of the typed copies of B.B.C. news bulletins which students posted up in Moscow University at the time of the Hungarian Revolution. I think, particularly, of the tribute that came from Hungary itself—perhaps the most heartening and heart-rending ever received by the European Service—during the brief two days of the lull between the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Budapest and their return. This was the message which, during that brief 'mirage-interlude' of self-liberation, Magyar Radio sent to the B.B.C.'s European Service:

We express our appreciation of the London radio station, the B.B.C., for the objective information given to the world about our people's struggle. We were particularly pleased to note that there was no incitement to extremism, and that the tone of the broadcasts expressed solidarity in our joy over victories and our sorrow in weeping for our dead.

Here, then, in a very obvious sense, is a strong line of continuity, albeit with the vital difference that whereas the European Service in war time was dedicated to helping to win a war of arms, the B.B.C.'s present broadcasts to the Soviet Union and satellites are decidedly not war-making or war-mongering but are trying to encourage genuine peace and understanding by showing just what are the true values and the genuine (as distinct from Soviet-misrepresented) policies of Britain and the West.

Valuable Capital Asset

If, with this important qualification, there is an obvious line of continuity between the war-time broadcasts and those now aimed beyond the Iron Curtain, the continuity also exists—under totally different conditions and given an altogether new expression—for the broadcasts to Britain's friends in Western Europe. It is fair to say that when the British Government, after

the war, was considering the future of the B.B.C.'s European (and Overseas) Services, one of the principal reasons why it decided to continue the European broadcasts was the European listeners' goodwill, gained by the B.B.C. in war time. Here was a very valuable, if intangible, capital asset which it would be madness to throw away.

That capital has, in fact, borne fruit. When people have their own free national radio organizations—and it is no part of the B.B.C.'s European Service's business to compete with these—as well as all the other entertainments of peace time, the number of listeners to London is not and was never expected to be anything like what it was in the stress of war. But, even as to that, the total of about 1,000,000 daily listeners, in the six countries of Western Europe where audience surveys have been carried out, constitutes no small practical expression of West European goodwill. Besides, far from there being any suggestion of unwelcome competition from London's multilingual broadcasts, the national radio organizations, themselves members of the E.B.U., have established and maintained the closest and friendliest relations with, specifically, the B.B.C.'s European Service as well as with the domestic Services of 'Sound' and Television. Among the manifestations of this are the many broadcasts by the B.B.C.'s European Services shared with or re-broadcast by (for instance) R.A.I. and the German stations.

The relevance of this to the spirit of the European Service is that the war-time relationship of friendliness and confidence with European listeners has grown most happily into a similar relationship with the European radio organizations. In war time the Continental European and British colleagues broadcasting from Bush House, London, to Europe, represented not only 'the voice of London' but the true

voice of the nations under Hitler's occupation. So now, in peace time, their successors—incidentally, many members of the war-time staff are still there—may represent 'Britain Europe' but, with no sense of incompatibility, they are also wholeheartedly aware of the European interests, hopes, and values. They represent, above all, a unity. That is why, when national economies have resulted in the elimination of some broadcasts to Europe—to Scandinavian countries and to Portugal, Iceland, and Belgium—the sense of deprivation among colleagues in Bush House has been great, to say nothing of their fear of a loss of regional 'expertise' and efficiency.

Forward to Television

At the age of twenty-one the European Service of the B.B.C. is young. It looks forward. Among its prospects is that of pursuing in Television the sort of operation which it has undertaken in Sound broadcasting during these first twenty-one years. This enterprise in Television has already been started: the External Service, having, since 1952, distributed abroad a considerable and annually increasing number of television films from the 'Home' output, now about to provide such films with sound tracks in foreign languages; they will also make some films of their own.

But at twenty-one the Service is old enough to be the senior of the international broadcasts in Europe; old enough also to have found truth in peace, in 'cold' war or in 'shooting' war. It is 'the long view', as opposed to the quick Goebbelsesque dividend, which ultimately counts. Its spirit is that of unity in diversity—but especially of unity in its 'vested interest in truth'.

Part of this article has been published in the September number of the European Broadcasting Union Review

The Destroyer Called at the Island

By W. R. RODGERS

I HAVE always thought that teachers ought to be the best paid members of any community. I would see to it, not just because teachers are a knowledgeable body of people, not only because they shape our futures so profoundly, but because contented teachers make contented children. If a farmer in Oxfordshire—as lately happened—can get a higher milk-yield from his cows by giving them foam rubber mattresses to lie on, we can equally well afford to feather-bed our teachers. Put it no higher than that, it pays; but here a word of warning. Some of the most ardent revolutionaries I have known, some of the most angry politicians, some of the most radical writers, have started life as discontented schoolteachers, and a few have ended by forming governments. So let all powers—that be beware!

I'm thinking of my friend Tomas, a wise, agitating, discontented, influential man who began as a schoolmaster on a lonely Atlantic island off the west coast of Ireland. The island was so isolated that no inspectors ever came to bother Tomas. He ran things on his own lines. He would ask the children: 'Who is the

greatest man on the island?' And the children would say, 'Seumas, the shopkeeper, is the greatest because he is the richest man on the island.' But Tomas, by a process of Socratic questioning, would get them to admit that Phelim the fisherman was the greatest because he was the most useful and good man. And so it grew until at last the whole island caught the idea, and the islanders decided at once to form a good government of their own. Phelim the fisherman was made Prime Minister, Tomas was made Foreign Secretary, and Fursey the farmer was put in charge of Home Affairs.

One day—it was during the first world war—a British destroyer sailed into the bay. Had it come to depose the new government? No, thank God; after a bit it lifted anchor and sailed quietly away. But as it went, it accidentally managed to cut to pieces a valuable fishing net that was set across the bay. So there was great dissatisfaction in the island. What was to be done about it? 'Well', said Tomas, 'as Foreign Secretary I will sit down and compose a letter to the British Admiralty about it'. Which he did, and the letter was duly sent.

Some months later another British destroyer entered the bay, and a boat put off to the island with an invitation to the Foreign Secretary come aboard the destroyer and see the captain. In great doubt and trembling Tomas went, thinking he was maybe going to be put in chains to say the least of it. But not a bit. Instead, the captain politely presented him with a cheque for several hundred pounds from the British Admiralty, as indemnity for the lost fishing net, and Tomas was rowed ashore again, in triumph. He was met at the water's edge by Phelim, Prime Minister to whom he showed the cheque. 'Well, well, well', said Phelim in admiration. 'You are a fine Foreign Secretary, Tomas. You were always the one to put a skin on a lion.' 'What do you mean?' said Tomas. 'Sure wasn't our net at all', said the Prime Minister. 'It belonged to the English fishing fleet'.

—General Overseas Service

Hugh Powell's inaugural lecture on being appointed to the Chair of German at Leicester University is now published (Leicester University Press, 2s. 6d.) Its title is *German Studies and the Literary Historian*.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

A Scream of Horror

Sir,—Mr. G. H. Bantock's criticism ('A Scream of Horror', THE LISTENER, September 17) of the Rede Lecture was exactly what I wanted. I don't pretend to agree with a good deal of it; but I was hoping for this kind of case seriously presented, and I read it with respect. I am now preparing what amounts, as it were, to a comment on the comments on the Rede Lecture; and I shall give attention to Mr. Bantock's. May I make two points briefly, to both of which I shall return?

When I spoke of the political attitudes of the writers who dominated literary sensibility from 1914 to 1950, I meant the writers, few in number, who *dominated* literary sensibility. I thought that, since this point was made in Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination*, it had become a commonplace, at least with persons as sophisticated as Mr. Bantock.

Second, the nature (or natures) of Lawrence's vision of the social conditions cannot be expressed adequately without a whole set of contexts. To me, Mr. Bantock's interpretation of that vision seems generous but romantic.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.5

C. P. SNOW

Secondary Schools

Sir,—While one can find much with which to agree in Mr. John Sharp's talk on secondary schools (THE LISTENER, September 10), there is much to suggest that Mr. Sharp is not fully aware of all that is going on in secondary education at the present time. Many of his statements are anachronistic and raise points which have been debated *ad nauseam*. Conclusions on these points have been reached by various committees; and, I think, it is fair to say that these have been acted upon in most schools throughout the United Kingdom.

It is not true to suggest that 'uncritical admiration has been extended to both mathematics and Latin as instruments of education'. It was not true even when I went to my own old school nearly fifty years ago: science, the modern languages, and English all had a fair deal; and I think I am correct in saying that mathematics and Latin were important only in so far as they were considered fundamental.

In the majority of secondary schools, whether modern or grammar, attempts are being made to relate education to life. Most teachers of science and most school scientific text books make frequent reference to the practical applications of science. It is in fact more usual than unusual for a teacher to instruct his pupils in the use and maintenance of household appliances. Successful efforts are also being made to stimulate interest in international affairs, and in the history of our own times, by the dissemination of literature, the school library, and by debates.

There is a tendency at the present time to exaggerate greatly the cleavage between science and the humanities. Most syllabi allow a fairly

wide choice of subjects, so that there is little reason why any young person need leave school in a state of complete ignorance about branches of knowledge other than their own specialism. Is there any reason for thinking that our leading men of science of today are any more ignorant than those of any other day and generation? Is there any reason for thinking that our leading literary men are completely ignorant of science? In my own experience of school staffs I find the conversation wide, general, and stimulating.

Basically, though, I agree with Mr. Sharp; especially when he criticizes the aims of education. In former times our system was at least held together by religion and Christian philosophy. Since their spirit no longer permeates the system as a whole, we are at a distinct disadvantage, for education must in consequence lack coherence. In this respect the Russians have an advantage, because their whole system is dominated by an idea. The plugging of one idea can be dangerous unless it is all embracing and world wide. Any aim other than the eventual freeing of all men from injustice, starvation, and slavery, and the worship of the true, the good, and the beautiful, is just not good enough.

The trouble is that our syllabi are still far too vast in their scope. Education is not free in Britain: it is harnessed to an examination system; and examinations seem to have little mercy. No detail of the syllabus seems to be too small or too unimportant to be included in an examination. The result is that we are compelled to inculcate endless factual information instead of confining ourselves to general principles and the things that really matter. It is not *what* we learn, but *how* we learn that is important. There is little time to train the mind, or the spirit, or the character of our boys and girls. As for languages, there is little opportunity to speak and understand them, so much time must be spent in acquiring the necessary grammatical details and so forth.

To my mind we shall get somewhere when we have the courage drastically to overhaul the factual content of our syllabi, throwing out all the dross, the mumbo-jumbo, and the traditional nonsense; and teaching only those things in which teacher and taught can have confidence that what they are doing is genuinely worth while.—Yours, etc.,

Banbridge,
Co. Down

W. HAUGHTON CROWE

Sir,—Echoing Sir Charles Snow, Mr. J. Sharp (THE LISTENER, September 10) discovers the failure of our education in its inability to integrate the scientific and humanist cultures. His recommendations for a new curriculum, however, reveal a pathetic eclecticism, based perhaps on a belief that where synoptic planning is required every man may be his own philosopher.

The first aim of education, he states, must be a search after goodness, beauty, and truth. Most educators, including Plato whom Mr. Sharp

quotes as an exemplar of humanism, have made this pious hope their professed aim. Plato was more explicit than Mr. Sharp about the precise meaning of these terms, yet his assumption as to their universal nature gave rise to centuries of systematic error. Goodness, beauty, and truth are not easily cognizable qualities on which universal agreement is forthcoming; any educator who omits to mention that they breed rival creeds, codes, and ideologies hardly deserves consideration.

Mr. Sharp's lack of understanding is further demonstrated when he calls for a general scientific education, particularly in our sixth forms. This aim is frustrated not merely by the alleged indifference of teachers to science and so forth, but by the pupils themselves who, rejecting goodness, beauty, and truth as suitable aims in life, tend to concentrate long before the sixth form on either arts or science subjects. By private specialization, neglecting studies of no prospective use to them, they quietly prepare themselves for their chosen profession, impervious to the lofty aims of educators and the ideal of a unitary culture. Thus the values of our society invade our secondary schools, and it would be surprising if curriculum re-planning alone could effectively combat the ingrained success-ideology of the young.

If Mr. Sharp is unrealistic on aims, he is all too realistic on the content of education where his guiding concern is that the school should adapt the child to the contemporary world. He should appreciate that the successful execution of this duty is certain to perpetuate the existing cultural malaise. Whilst no one would wish to deprive a child of useful knowledge concerning the balance of trade and emergent nationalism, it is by attempting to stimulate 'disinterested intellectual curiosity', as G. M. Trevelyan wrote, that the civilized activities of man are likely to be maintained. Rather than reject medieval history, Mr. Sharp should press for greater attention to it. An analysis of its society and cultural homogeneity would be of the utmost interest, just as informed appreciation of its art and architecture must elevate sensibility. Nor is it true that there is 'very little trace of it' in modern Britain; there is a great deal from the lay-out of English villages to the great cathedrals. If young people, blinded by subtopian disfigurations, do not know where or how to look, it is perhaps because their interest has been misdirected and information withheld by critics of medieval history.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

R. G. WILLIAMS

Saturn, the Ringed Planet

Sir,—In Mr. Patrick Moore's interesting and informative talk on Saturn (THE LISTENER, September 17), he says, 'It is obvious that life of any kind is out of the question' because Saturn's estimated temperature is -240 degrees Fahrenheit. He is in good company, for

generations of astronomers have repeatedly said the same about both Saturn and Jupiter (temperature -200 degrees), including America's 'space biology' expert, Dr. Hubertus Strughold.

But these are only the temperatures of the tops of the cloud layers, which form the visible surfaces of all the giant planets, and to say that they disprove the presence of life is rather like saying that there cannot be any life on the Earth, because the cirrus clouds, which are our highest regular clouds, are at an average temperature of -40 degrees. A well-stirred layer of atmosphere on any planet is necessarily warmer at the bottom than at the top (whenever a piece of turbulent air descends into a region of higher pressure, it gets compressed and heated), and there is plenty of evidence for turbulence among the clouds on the surfaces of Jupiter and Saturn; consequently one would not have to go many miles down before finding temperatures warm enough to sustain life. Whether the chemistry of these atmospheres is suited for life is another question.

Yours, etc.,

Whipsnade

A. E. SLATER

I Served a Maharaja

Sir,—I did rather fear that Sir Conrad Corfield's very entertaining and factual talk (THE LISTENER, August 6) might create a false impression (reference Mr. McClean's letter, THE LISTENER, August 13) about Princely rule in India—that the late Maharaja of Rewa was typical of Indian Princes, that all Rajas were of their nature despotic, that their excesses had to be continually held in check by a vigilant and benign Paramount Power. As Sir Conrad will bear me out, he is reporting on an exceptional case, on an abnormal situation which doubtless was the cause of his appointment as Adviser.

The late Maharaja of Rewa was exceptional. His personal history need not be told. Suffice it to say that after the Viceroy's efforts had failed over a long period to produce any change, and things had gone from bad to worse, a three man Commission of Inquiry—composed I believe of two Ruling Princes and a High Court judge—was appointed. The Commission pronounced against him and he was deposed. It is necessary to add that Rulers were deposed rarely and for the gravest reasons—generally gross misrule and sometimes for a fervour judged inconsistent with their obligations of loyalty to the British Raj.

A word about nobles' rights. Until the interposition of British arms between the Ruler and his subjects—nobles and commons—there were at least two traditional sanctions on the sovereign authority of an Indian monarch: the nobles acting in concert and the *Mahājana* ('Great People'), a body consisting of the heads and elders of the leading castes. (Here my experience is limited to the States in Western India.) They not only acted as checks on arbitrary power but also had some influence in the formulation of State policy. The treaties with the British assured the Indian Rulers of armed assistance in the event of external aggression and *internal uprising*. Indian States ceased to be autonomous kingdoms and became dependent principalities. Kings, subject to traditional controls, became Princes, subject only to the control of the Paramount Power. They could now afford to be absolute and arbitrary *vis-a-vis* their subjects, provided they kept their

British overlords happy. The first to feel their Prince's arrogance of power were the nobles. Their rights could now be infringed and encroached upon with impunity. In attempting a settlement of their rights, therefore, Sir Conrad was clearly not 'bolstering up the power of a tyrant'—no more than he would have been had he once sought to prevent the arbitrary abrogation of the rights assured by the Magna Carta.

Then as regards the suppression of popular forces. These forces were at work throughout India and they were being everywhere suppressed. So Sir Conrad in playing his part in Rewa was acting more as an instrument of imperial policy than as the agent of a local tyrant. The comparison therefore with the King *versus* Parliament struggles in England, and the speculation about which side Sir Conrad would have taken, is not strictly apposite. Incidentally, the late Maharaja was not succeeded by any of the gentlemen that Sir Conrad had imprisoned but by his son, a conscientious young Ruler. Nevertheless Mr. McClean's thesis is, in the final analysis, warranted and perfectly correct: some of those who were repeatedly imprisoned as a consequence of imperial policy did ultimately succeed—to the government of India.

Unfortunately for the reputation of Indian kingship the Princes who have attracted the widest notice seem to have been the lavish, the arrogant, the despotic—and of course the playboys. The very expression 'Indian Raja' seems to conjure up in popular imagination the picture of a fabulously rich tyrant given to all sort of whims and caprices and every form of self-indulgence—picturesque if irresponsible, engaging if ridiculous. That the large majority of Indian Princes—I hope Sir Conrad can bear me out—were quiet, modest, average men, who, despite the corrupting situation in which they were placed and the misguided training they were given, lived in the States, took their duties seriously, administered justice, and governed their people as best they could, generally with the help of able ministers, seems to have gone unnoticed. So also the fine public record of those enlightened and gifted Princes whose modern and progressive governments put even the neighbouring British Indian provinces and districts in the shade seems to have made less of an impression on the public mind than the personal idiosyncrasies of the notorious few.

Yours, etc.,

Poona, 5

MAYURDHWAJ, MAHARAJA,
(Rajsaheb of Dhrangadhra)

Sir Jacob Epstein

Sir,—Mr. Clutton-Brock (THE LISTENER, September 3) does less than justice to the late Sir Jacob Epstein by repeating what he calls 'accepted and by now commonplace judgments'. He appears to be the victim of a popular fallacy when he implies that any work of art inspired by myth—such as Epstein's 'Genesis'—is necessarily 'literary' in character.

In the context in which Mr. Clutton-Brock employs it, the adjective 'literary' bears, inevitably, a pejorative meaning. Alas, any painting or sculpture that is neither (1) an impression of Nature (in the broad sense in which Epstein's portrait-busts can be so described) nor (2) a complete or almost complete abstraction, but which expresses a powerful *idea*, released and clarified by the use of an accepted myth, is likely to be condemned by contemporary critics as

'literary'. For some reason, no doubt hidden in the dark decades of 'significant form', it is considered reprehensible that creative artists who do not happen to be poets or writers should have ideas and feel impelled to express them. According to the blinkered aesthetics of our own day, Michelangelo's 'David', his 'Creation of Adam' and, indeed, all his works must be held to express some 'literary concept': perhaps, should have confined himself to sonnets and portraiture?

Yours, etc.,

Nottingham

ALASTAIR SMART

Galileo—traitor or hero?

Sir,—In defence of Bertolt Brecht I must reply to Mr. Ian Rodger that in the play *Galileo* Brecht did not intend to demonstrate that 'the end justifies the means'. Quite the reverse. In his notes to the play he categorically states that Galileo's crime—his recantation—held science back by a century; by alienating the rising bourgeoisie he handed his scientific truths to the ruling class to use them as a pure scientific speciality divorced from the people. 'The atom bomb as a scientific achievement as well as a social phenomenon is the direct result of Galileo's betrayal'.

In my own defence I must add that this point is not made in dramatically potent terms. Perusal of the play and seeing it twice in Berlin still left me in doubt only resolved after discussion with Brecht's collaborators. In my radio-production I tried to point the moral as clearly as I could—mainly in the final scene. But in spite of the actual wording the spectacle of the greedy, half-blind old man, knowingly collaborating with his oppressors, despised and despicable, preserves so much grandeur that it is difficult not to feel sympathy.

But Brecht thought he was evil.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

H. B. FORTUIN

Test Your Bridge Play

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

For several weeks past we have touched on a little of the theory of card play. We now offer readers a couple of opportunities to test the practical application.

West	East
(1) ♠ A K J	♠ 8 4 2
♥ K J 8	♥ A Q 10
♦ A 9 3 2	♦ K J 7 4
♣ A Q 5	♣ K 9 8

North leads the Jack of clubs against West's contract of Six No Trumps. How should West plan the play?

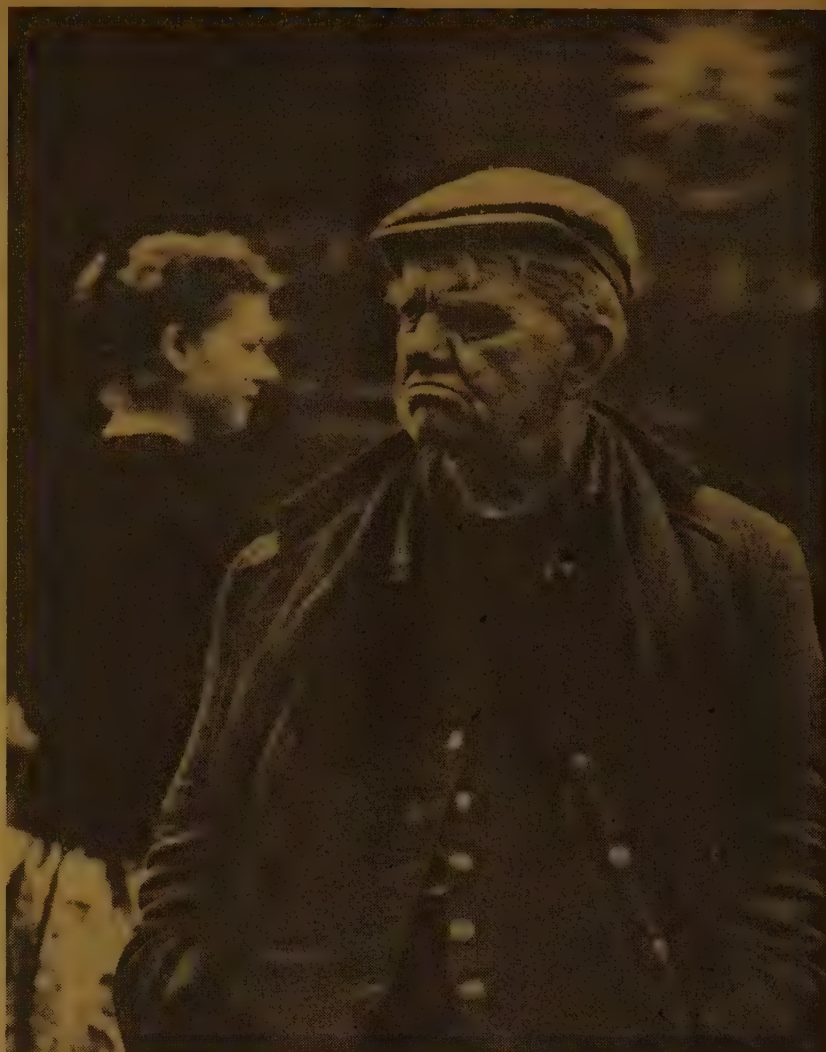
(2) In the following hand West is the declarer in a contract of Six Hearts.

West	East
♠ A K J	♠ 7 5
♥ K 9 5 4	♥ A Q 10 8 6 2
♦ A Q	♦ J 5
♣ K 7 4 2	♣ A 8 5

How should he plan the play (a) if North leads the nine of spades; (b) if North leads the seven of hearts.

For solutions turn to page 506

A PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION



Three photographs from the autumn exhibition of pictorial photography which opened on September 19 at the Royal Photographic Society, 16 Princes Gate, London, S.W.7.

Top left: 'Hauteur' by V. M. Hill

Top right: 'Two Different Worlds' by Karl Pollak, F.R.P.S.

Left: 'Morning Market' by Loke Loh-Hong, A.R.P.S.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Jacques Proust: a Biography. Vol. 1.
By George D. Painter.
Chatto and Windus. 30s.

Reviewed by JOHN COCKING

MR. PAINTER'S BIOGRAPHY IS WELCOME and the first volume increases our impatience to read the whole story as he has pieced it together. Even before the recent spate of new material which began in 1952 with the publication of the hitherto unknown *Jean Santeuil* no biographer had settled down to a methodical and exhaustive exploitation of the relevant memoirs and letters, though Derrick Leon had drawn the main outlines of the narrative and M. Maurois had padded in the essential relief of Proust's make-up and personality.

Mr. Painter has done his best to make the narrative continuous and to fill in every detail of the background, even to the extent of retelling the whole story of the Dreyfus affair so that Proust can be connected with it at the appropriate moments. He has been more systematic, observant and untiring than his predecessors in his survey of material they had already used and he has absorbed every scrap of information that has since become available; which amounts to a good deal, particularly since *Jean Santeuil* stirred the memories of Proust's surviving acquaintances. He pays tribute to the painstaking searches of Professors Kolb and Adam and, apart from the mere piecing together of fragments taken from primary sources like letters and memoirs, he has carried out a great deal of research and cross-checking on his own account. There are very few readers, however carefully they have collected the bits and pieces of Proust's story, who will fail to find new information in his biography. The chronology is more detailed than hitherto; the successive phases in Proust's life, particularly in his social progress are clearer—though when we come to the Faubourg Saint-Germain even Mr. Painter has to abandon chronological precision and circumstantial detail and treat Proust's life in high society *en bloc*.

In this excellent and useful book the least satisfying feature is an occasional uncertainty about the dividing line between verifiable fact and probable conjecture. Early biographers used to draw too confidently on *A la recherche du temps perdu* to tell the story of Proust's real life. M. Maurois, using unpublished manuscripts and inside information, drove home what was already apparent to the more perceptive critics—that the novel is too much a fictional re-arrangement to be dependable. When *Jean Santeuil* appeared it was immediately seen to be closer to the facts; and it has provided new signposts for researchers like Professor Kolb. But having established that certain events in *Jean Santeuil* correspond in the main to events in Proust's life, how far can we accept the circumstantial details of *Jean Santeuil* as autobiographically accurate? Obviously the accuracy varies, and at one extreme fantasy takes complete control. Mr. Painter admits this, but when the inaccuracy is not glaring he may have overestimated the intrinsic documentary value of the unfinished novel. Such doubts about fact and hypothesis mostly

concern mere details; they become important only when Mr. Painter becomes tendentious. For he has one or two pet ideas and one main thesis, more firmly stated in the preface than proven in the narrative. The thesis is that 'Proust's picture of heterosexual love is valid, and founded on personal experience', and that the critics who say he falsified the drama of human love are wrong. The evidence is that Proust first fell in love with girls, that he did not begin to see himself as a homosexual until 1893, and that his first experience of full-blown homosexual passion was in the affair with Reynaldo Hahn beginning in 1894. But the evidence is not so much in the facts as in the presentation and the suggestion that the biographer knows more than he is prepared to disclose. Mr. Painter gives more facts than his predecessors about the *jeunes filles* to whom Proust was romantically drawn in his own prolonged adolescence, but no more evidence of any kind of sexual experience with them; and who but an extremist or two ever doubted that Proust was romantically drawn to girls?

It may well be that Hahn was Proust's first real homosexual passion, with romantic and sexual feelings combined. But Mr. Painter would like to deny that Proust was overtly homosexual before 1893 and he has nothing to go on but the absence of proof to the contrary. Such evidence as there is—the most direct being Gide's account of what Proust told him and M. Maurois's remarks on the subject—suggests that until Proust fell in love with Hahn there was in the main a split between romantic feeling, which might well be directed to girls, and sexual instinct which was satisfied rather with partners of his own sex.

When such doubts arise about Mr. Painter's conclusions the reader sadly misses the references which the biographer, partly to avoid repetition, partly 'to avoid laying all (his) cards on the table before the game is finished', has withheld. Mr. Painter plays a good game by any standards, and the initiated will be able to make a fair guess at the cards in his hand; but until the detailed references are given we shall go on wondering whether he has anything up his sleeve to support his more unlikely bids.

The Spanish Town Papers

By E. Arnot Robertson.

Cresset Press. 21s.

The West Indies and their history are full of interest and also so undeservedly neglected that the title of this book raises expectations. But the sub-title—'Some Sidelights on the American War of Independence'—more accurately sets its limits. The Vice-Admiralty Court on whose records it draws was as far removed from the life of Jamaica as the relics of Port Royal are today. Economic historians will certainly find or be led on to find helpful light, for example, on the war-time shortages suffered by the rebellious American colonists. There is even more (as the preface puts it, for those 'interested in ships and the sea') about the varied, often harrowing experiences of the sailors who, dodging men-of-war and privateers, plied their trade

in those surprisingly crowded Caribbean waters. Mrs. Robertson seems to claim modestly to be a 'photographer', presumably only of the many spicy words and phrases in the ships' log-books; the threads she supplies are at any rate too slender to make a story. She perhaps also does less than justice to the labours of the archivists who have done so much to rescue the Admiralty (and many other) records from the ruin which lately threatened them, to sort and index them, and make them the nucleus of National Archives.

It is much to be hoped that this labour of love, even self-indulgent love, will catch the eye of the historian who will fit these often fascinating bits and pieces, and many more, into the picture of a whole to which they belong.

W. M. MACMILLAN

The Prof. A Personal Memoir of Lord Cherwell. By R. F. Harrod.

Macmillan. 25s.

Sir Roy Harrod should have called this 'The Prof. and the Don', for it is as much about himself as a character sketch of that most controversial of backroom boys, the half-German F. A. Lindemann who, thanks to the friendship of Sir Winston Churchill, became Lord Cherwell. This interweaving of memoir and autobiography is deliberate and dangerous. It could easily have left a feeling of frustration because there was too little of the sitter and too much of the artist. But Sir Roy has brought it off. He answers, or at any rate faces, all the awkward questions that people who disliked the Prof.—and they were many and influential—muttered about him. Was he a great scientist or a scientific charlatan whose dilettante interest in physics would have got him nowhere had he not won, between the wars, the friendship of Birkenhead and Churchill? How far were the arrogance, the Teutonic bad manners, the zest for intrigue, the ham-handed approach to so much of the courtesies of life really significant?

Was the man in the unprepossessing mask as endearing and as remarkable a character as eminent persons who knew him well always maintained? Sir Roy shows that both his warmest admirers and those who (to use a colloquial phrase that does justice to feelings, especially in war time) 'hated his guts' were both right. This is a convincing sketch because its author moves unaffectedly from emotional regard for his subject to irritation with him—and back again. It is the candid record of a chequered relationship. The deviations that Sir Roy allows himself from the fascinating main theme of dividing the sheep from the goats in Lord Cherwell's make-up are surprisingly effective. For, in telling things about himself (and they are interesting in themselves), Sir Roy contrives by contrast to draw his Cherwell portrait with more vividness.

I remember hearing a goaded victim burst out against Cherwell as that crankish old woman with a shrew's tongue. The strength of Sir Roy's study is it meets all the hostility contained in this wild comment and yet, persuasively, argues that those who did not know Cherwell out of school missed a lot. The crank side was memor-



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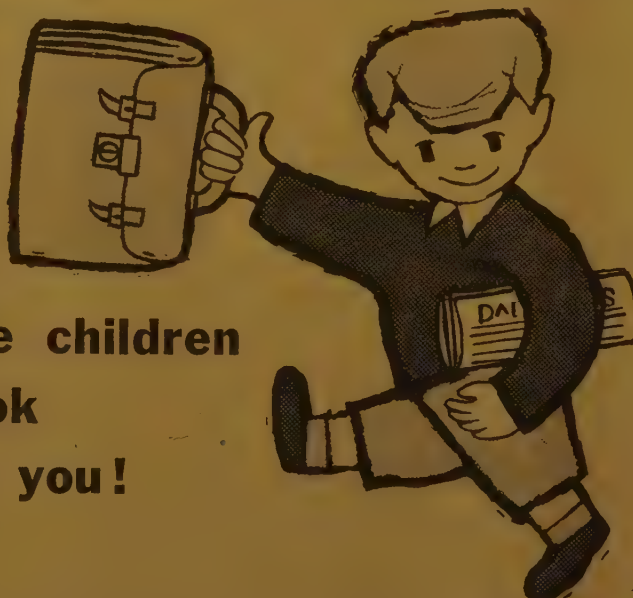
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able. Teetotaller, non-smoker, vegetarian, he would eat the white of egg but not the yolk, Port Salut cheese but no other variety. This asceticism is so deliciously explained by Sir Roy that to give its origins away in a review would be as bad as telling the plot of a detective story. It was balanced by a relish for the luxuries available to a rich bachelor whose fondness for high society was often mistaken for snobbishness. When he complained that the Golden Arrow had no Second Class and was greeted by a chorus of voices, 'Oh, but, Prof., you surely never travel Second Class', he replied 'No, but I mean that one has to have one's servant in with one'.

Sir Roy recalls sitting next to Mrs. Winston Churchill when the Prof. remarked 'I define a moral action as one that brings advantage to my friends'. She whispered 'Doesn't the Prof. say *dreadful* things?'. On Sir Roy's showing, he could also do pretty dreadful things. But his bravery, physical and intellectual, his uncompromising individuality in a society more and more composed of dim compromisers make him worth writing about. This personal impression of Sir Roy's is to be followed by a full-scale biography from Lord Birkenhead. The sooner that comes along the better. Sir Roy will whet the appetite of all who remember 'the Prof.' as Sir Winston Churchill's one-man Brains Trust and, no doubt, of a wider and younger audience that has never heard of Lindemann.

A. P. RYAN

The Proud Possessors

By Aline B. Saarinen.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.

An account such as this, of the lives and exploits of art collectors offers large opportunities for satire. There is both comedy and tragedy in the process whereby the half-private cogitations of a Cézanne or a Van Gogh are converted into public merchandise, counters in the game of bluff and cunning that is played for such high stakes between fakers, dealers, experts and dupes. The wild injustice and grotesque incongruity of the whole business is awful—we laugh that we may not weep. In popular mythology, at all events, the artist starves to death, the dealer grows rich, and the purchaser is a philistine; we are sorry for the artists, we admire the cunning of the middle man, and we laugh at the collector.

The temptation to make fun of him is indeed considerable; but it is not irresistible, for Miss Saarinen resists it. This is not, it must at once be said, a humourless book; without for a moment poking fun at such monumental figures as Isabella Stewart Gardner and Pierpoint Morgan the authoress cannot record their overwhelmingly conspicuous consumption without a smile and there is a trace of mockery—albeit kindly mockery—in her description of that lady who, though living at some distance from navigable waters has, in the course of her collecting, acquired a fair-sized lighthouse and a large paddle steamer.

But this gallery of the great American amateurs, beginning with the redoubtable Mrs. Potter Palmer and ending with the latest generation of Rockefellerers, consists of carefully, fairly and even sympathetically, painted portraits. It may almost be considered an apology for this particular form of American private enterprise and it should be read by anyone who still

retains the popular European notion of the Yankee millionaire, blindly buying and ostentatiously displaying the trophies of a culture that he does not understand.

Indeed, if we contrast the collectors of the New World with those of our own nation we must perforce make comparisons which are decidedly mortifying to us. In the days when we were in the position that is now occupied by the United States our *cognoscenti* bought quite as much rubbish from abroad, and our own painters had quite as hard a task to win their proper place in the home market. But the difference between ourselves and our cousins is this: when our great collections were formed they remained in private hands, until the time came to sell them to the Americans. These, on the other hand, have a real sense of civic responsibility; again and again the story of the great American collections ends in a museum. The fabulous wealth of those museums is sufficiently well known; it is perhaps rather less well known that they do not owe their splendour simply to the vast length of the American purse. It is a part of the genius of the nation that it is ready to try anything, from Mormonism to nut-burgers, and to do so with staggering thoroughness. From a very early date—from the time when Miss Cassatt discovered Impressionism—there have always been citizens with the enthusiasm and the faith to purchase 'modern' art and even, within recent years, a kind of 'modern' art which does not come from Paris.

Perhaps, if Miss Saarinen had made a rather different selection of biographies the very favourable impression that she conveys might be less complete; but, obviously, her account is sufficiently exact to convey a salutary lesson. The illustrations are well conceived but suffer from a small scale which makes them look cramped; yet these are little faults in a most enjoyable and highly instructive book.

QUENTIN BELL

Some Letters of E. H. W. Meyerstein

Edited by Rowland Watson.

Neville Spearman. 25s.

E. H. W. Meyerstein (1889-1952) was by all accounts including his own, an unusual man. From 1913 to 1919 he was on the staff of the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum (where I missed him by thirty-two years, alas); but he disliked regular hours and having a private income had no need to keep them. So he resigned, and spent the rest of his life in Grays Inn as a writer, scholar, bibliophile and self-tormentor. He would eat a boiled egg shell and all (no wonder he suffered from colitis) rather than go out and buy a proper lunch; yet he built up a valuable library, and on his death many of his best manuscripts, including autographs of Beethoven and Wordsworth, came to the Museum.

His novels and poems never achieved much recognition. This saddened him. One of the more mildly desperate remarks in these letters is his 'I seem always to have been forced into attitudinising', and he told another correspondent bitterly 'I have left my job and failed as a writer'. Yet writing was psychologically essential to him; it kept him alive, and as happy as his temperament would permit. And he could write. His life of Chatterton is so expert and thorough that the job will not need doing

again. His most interesting writing is to be found in his autobiography *Of My Early Life* (published in 1957), and in these letters, which form a fascinating self-portrait. They also show that, even if he missed the bus (or took odd routes of his own) as poet and novelist, he was a critic of very remarkable perception, as witness his long, closely-argued analyses of Mr. Eliot's verse-dramas and the psychology of Hopkins. And for an off-the-cuff phrase, what could be better than his calling Marryat 'very simple-hearted picaresque'? Even when he was prejudiced, as he admittedly was against Housman, and Lawrence, he could be penetrating. He discusses many writers living and dead, and his remarks have those special flashes of insight (interspersed with occasional perverseness) which so often distinguish the criticism of the nearly-creative from that of the academic. The bad couldn't fool him, though the good sometimes irritated him. And being, as he liked to say, a nonentity in the literary world, he didn't mind being indiscreet. Who but Meyerstein would have thought of calling Mr. Eliot's essays 'natty'?

Some of the early Oxford letters have a historical interest and charm, for instance the glimpse of Gilbert Murray, then newly appointed Regius Professor of Greek, reading his own version of Euripides. Despite his introspection, Meyerstein had an eye for scenery and places, particularly places with associations, like Charleville, Rimbaud's birthplace. And he had a profound knowledge of music.

As a human being, there is an endearing doggedness about Meyerstein, characteristically illustrated by his remark that he continually yearned for death yet had no suicidal tendencies. His lifelong struggle with himself caused him much unhappiness, but also some amusement; and out of the struggle came wisdom, as when he told an elderly poet aspiring to publication rather than creation 'you cannot exploit poetry, it has to creep into being and take its chance like the wild flowers'. The onlooker stuck it out; and saw most of the game. He may not enter the English pantheon by the great front door of poetry, as he wanted to do; but he will slip in by a side door because of his rare gifts for analysis and friendship.

K. W. GRANSDEN

Eighteenth-Century Church and People

By S. C. Carpenter. Murray. 35s.

'There is much in the story of the century that is uncongenial to a Churchman of my stamp', writes Dr. Carpenter in this survey of eighteenth-century religion. It is as a Churchman, rather than as a historian, that he has written this book. Accuracy and diligence, according to Gibbon, 'are the only two merits which an historical writer may ascribe to himself'. The many incorrect dates in this book are a grave charge against Dr. Carpenter's accuracy, and his sketch of the political background indicates no great familiarity with original sources.

But when Dr. Carpenter writes of Church affairs he is always knowledgeable and interesting, and the historian who is little acquainted with the controversies of the century will find much to enlighten him. There are two excellent chapters on Methodism and Evangelicalism; and spread throughout the book is the distillation of hundreds of forgotten pamphlets and sermons. Not the least of Dr. Carpenter's merits is that

he induces in the reader the wish to become acquainted with the writings of some of the more famous eighteenth-century divines.

Dr. Carpenter writes about the Non-Jurors: 'The real value of their protest was that they kept alive the seventeenth-century Prayer Book tradition of Catholic Anglicanism, and exhibited something better than the Hanoverian parody of Churchmanship'. This is very hard on the eighteenth century. By 1714 the 'Prayer Book tradition of Catholic Anglicanism' had gone rancid. The Schism Act, which aimed at suppressing Dissenting academies, was the last sting of the neo-Laudian party which had been struggling for control of the Church since 1660. It is greatly to the credit of the Whig bishops that they voted against it. Hoadly's famous sermon, which (writes Dr. Carpenter) 'rejects the idea that there is a visible Church with any authority', was a protest in the Protestant tradition against neo-Laudianism. Dr. Carpenter does not sufficiently emphasize the fact that there are

two traditions in the Church of England: a Catholic tradition, which exalts the Church above the individual; and a Protestant one, which exalts the individual above the Church. Both are necessary, but neither should be paramount. Much of what is distasteful in eighteenth-century religious life can be explained as a reaction against seventeenth-century Catholicism. When men received the Sacrament 'not for piety, but for employment according to Act of Parliament', the Sacrament was profaned; and it is no wonder that some rejected the very idea of sacraments and a visible Church.

When men and women are compelled to worship by legal duress, evangelization becomes restricted to 'lesser breeds without the law'. The breakdown of the idea that the State should enforce religious worship, and the growth of an industrial proletariat, confronted the eighteenth century with the problem of mass evangelization at home. For a long time it failed to realize the problem; and when it did, had not

the means to solve it. Today the Church faces the task of mass evangelization in a population too many of whom use the name of God in their oaths but not in their prayers. In the eighteenth century there were too many clergymen and not enough churches; today it may be said there are too many churches and not enough clergymen.

John Wesley was the great pioneer of mass evangelization in England. 'I preached . . . and set before them the terrors of the Lord . . .', wrote. 'It seemed to be the very thing they wanted'. Dr. Carpenter ends his chapter on Wesley with the hope that the breach between Methodism and the Church of England may yet be healed. It may be so, if the Church accepts the Methodist creed of 'the impossibility of a sincere seeker after truth being lost'—which is not very far from Hoadly's teaching (in Dr. Carpenter's words) 'that belief in any particular doctrine is a secondary consideration, and that sincerity is the only thing that matters'.

JOHN BROOKE

New Children's Books

By NAOMI LEWIS

IN THIS LIST, which contains, to my mind, some remarkably good stories, there are (among other things) several islands, a wide range of animals, and three quite exceptional aunts: all properly nostalgic stuff for the last days of holiday or first of term. One of those notable aunts, a centenarian, appears in *The Thumbstick* (Oxford, 10s. 6d.) by William Mayne, who is one of our rare stylists in word and plot and can do marvels with an ancient mystery in a modern country town. The lease of the old family farm will pass to new hands unless the thumbstick, long ago hidden in the hills, can be found. Great-Aunt Airey rides down, on horseback too, to sort out the difficulties. Gillian Avery, author of *James without Thomas* (Collins, 10s. 6d.) is another original who chooses to write about Victorian boys and girls in a Victorian country setting (old house, gruff lord, and governess) and does it with a convincing elegance and verve. This tale, a worthy successor to her first, *The Warden's Niece*, is about the finding and re-opening of a mysteriously closed piece of railway. High marks for the winter picnic in the deserted waiting-room.

The Green Slippers by Saint-Marcoux (Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.) is for girls of most ages, especially those responsive to Paris, the theatre world, and the secret games of island children in the shadow of Notre Dame. Michele has the chance of training as a ballet dancer, and she does well: the ending is unexpected, and yet has a curious charm. Eilis Dillon's *The Singing Cave* (Faber, 12s. 6d.), an excellent book in a very different way, shifts us to Ireland, a little island community off the stormy western coast. There, in a cave, approachable only from the sea, young Pat finds a Viking's body with horned helmet, sword, and a curious chess-like game before him. Yet the next day the Viking and all his belongings have gone. *Where?*

Historical books grow better and better; and *The Noble Hawks* by Ursula Moray Williams (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.) seems to me a tale of high quality, stirring and often beautiful. The time is the fourteenth century; the place, a castle

on the Welsh border; the theme is falconry, as it links the lives of three boys of differing backgrounds who grow up in the castle's discipline. Modern history, if you like to call it that, has produced a book entirely out of the common run: Akosua Abbs' *Ashanti Boy* (Collins, 10s. 6d.) which tells of the progress, during the ten years leading to the Independence, of a Ghanaian boy, who wants a higher education and pays for it himself, stage by stage of the way. Cocoa farm, Stalky-like classroom—the author writes of the many scenes and people with knowledge, detachment and a sort of humorous clarity: one reads with a mounting excitement. I recommend this valuably contemporary book to all contemporary readers.

Twelve or less seems the age for the next group of books—slightly younger than for those above. *Auntie Robbo* by Ann Scott-Moncrieff (Constable, 12s. 6d.) stands out among these as a brilliant piece of fancy, exhilarating and memorable. Hector (11) lives with his enterprising great-aunt Roberta (81) in a state of perfect compatibility. For education, they look at ancient battlefields together, do the accounts: things of that sort. When a rich fat pseudo-relative tries to break up their pleasant menage, they secretly set out for the highland hills. Elizabeth Enright's *The Sea is All Around* (Heinmann, 10s. 6d.) is in the best American nineteenth-century tradition, and this is really praise. Ten-year-old Mab, whose parents died when she was five, goes to live with the right sort of aunt on a little New England island thirty miles out to sea: wind, wharf, and salty autumn mist, and the consoling smell of fresh-baked cakes to come home to.

Secret Stepmother by Alice Lunt (Dent, 12s. 6d.) is an extraordinarily understanding book about day school girls (Secondary Modern) inside and outside the classroom walls. Janet and Catherine's resentment at their new stepmother (another powerful myth-figure) gradually turns—as well it might!—to grateful admiration. Alan Boucher's *The Runaways* (Nelson, 7s. 6d.) embodies a favourite summer daydream and

carries it out with the proper attention to detail: where to sleep, what to cook, and *how*. Two brothers and a sister, under threat of being separated and sent to boarding school by insensitive guardians, contrive to hide for weeks in a south of England forest. But are their parents really lost in that air crash over Brazil?

For tens and under: *Toto's Triumph* by Claire Huchet Bishop (Dent, 11s. 6d.) has the kind of enjoyable pathos that is all too rare in children's books today. Do they order these things otherwise in France? Winter approaches. Papa, Mama, Nicolas and infant twins shiver in their makeshift hut outside Paris. A room turns up—but they fail to conceal the forbidden infant tenants. Nicolas has a plan for holding up the eviction. The prettily produced little book called *Foxy-boy* by David Severn (Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.) contains a strange enough tale. Philippus (9) staying in the country with her breezy godmother, looks about for youthful company. She finds a friend, a sort of Mowgli-boy brought up by a fox. Meindert DeJong, author of *Along Came a Dog* (Lutterworth, 10s. 6d.), has written some really excellent books for younger children. This new tale of a modest, lonely, devoted dog in search of a home is slighter than some, but is told with all his artful, careful, compelling simplicity.

As for the nursery listeners (7 and under?) they may well look out for the homely and magical *Little Old Mrs. Pepperpot* by Al Prøysen (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.)—stories which have the inspired and practical lunacy of the genuine folk tale. If an old lady chooses to shrink to the size of a pepperpot, nobody thinks it odd; she will change back, too, as soon as the notion tires. There she is in the picture, sailing about the sink in a saucer. While for all under-nines, here is an enchanting book called *Poems and Pictures* edited by Kathleen Lines and illustrated by Norah Montgomerie (Abelard-Schuman, 12s. 6d.). The poems are by authors such as Hardy, Clare, Hogg, Reeves, de la Mare, and that wild fellow Traditional; and one can look at the gay and pensive pictures for hours

Does Gregory know?

My dear James —

I really am furious with you. I really am. *Not* for ordering The Observer for me, but for the awful way you set about it. *You haven't changed a bit*—and it would do you no harm to think what I mean by that.

I don't want to write you a *stiff* letter, but if bits of stiffness creep in you'll just have to put up with it. First of all there was that idiotic envelope of yours, all SECRET and CONFIDENTIAL and halfpenny stamps. *Obviously* if Gregory saw that he'd have opened it, especially as it was addressed to me. It just wasn't the sort of letter, inside or out, that he would have thought funny at Breakfast.

Then how could I explain? About the Observer, I mean? Gregory always buys our newspapers, so how could I suddenly pretend I'd gone out *secretly* and ordered the Observer? Oh James you are a Fool. (I'm sorry, but I'm not going to cross that out.) So on Sunday there it was, with

THE OBSERVER

right across the top, like a sort of *challenge*.

You can't *hide* a thing like that.

Gregory is a pet, and you've no right to say things about him even if you don't mean them. He's *not* huge or red faced, he's rather sensitive, and thinks about things. *Obviously* he's upset, this Observer coming *every Sunday* now, from some sort of Ex of mine he's hardly even heard of. I did my best to explain you were harmless (I suppose you *are*?) but it all sounded so *improbable*. And quite *disloyal* to read it.

However, I did. So thank you.

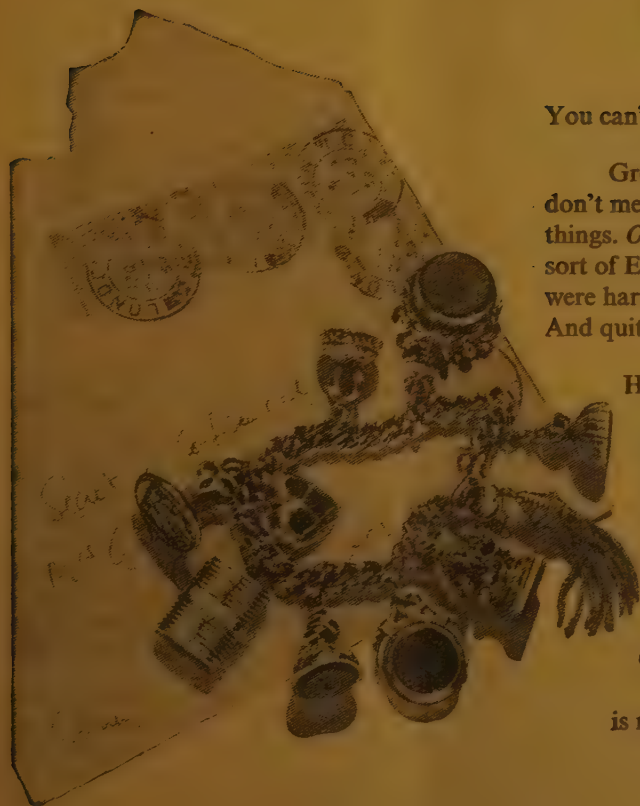
Actually I enjoyed it awfully, I can't pretend I didn't. I don't know why, but I'd sort of got out of the way of having a newspaper you really *read*, like I used to. (G. says I *prefer Sensational rubbish* and of course I don't really but it can be quite fun too, sometimes, though I suppose you wouldn't think so.) But anyway it was lovely to see the Observer again—that "Inside America" article by Patrick O'Donovan was awfully good . . . and C. A. Lejeune (do you know *her*?) and Alison Settle and Gardening and oh lots of things.

I've torn up your letter. 4 children *not* six, 2 b. 2 g. Stephen is nearly fifteen now!

Yours sincerely,

Lydia.

P.S.—I've just seen the Personal Column, and really! It's absolutely mean and disreputable of you, and simply reckless. I daren't think what would happen if Gregory knew. *Perhaps* he does . . . I don't ever want to hear from you again.



CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

A Proper Reluctance

'MONITOR' RETURNED to the air with a cultural scoop: the elusive and reclusive T. H. White, author of *The Sword in the Stone*, was to be interviewed in his Alderney home. Considerable emphasis was laid beforehand on Mr. White's dislike of the methods of modern publicity, of his reluctance to appear before the cameras at all. So one expected discretion: one favour in return for another, the favour of civilized handling in return for the favour of a strong reluctance overcome. That did not happen. Instead we were treated once again to the all too distressingly familiar spectacle of badgering, baiting, and the laugh-currying sneer.

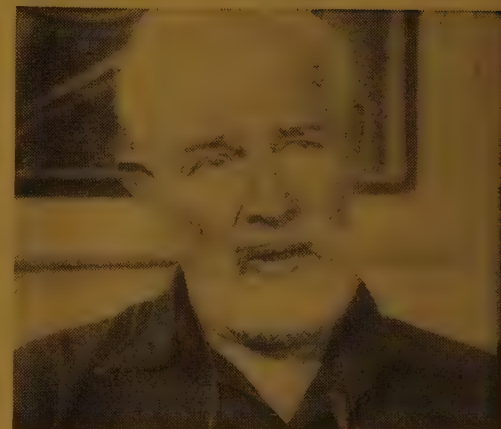
Now I do not wish in my turn to be impolite to the interviewer, Mr. Robert Robinson, but there are one or two things that have to be made plain—by myself if no one else is willing to take it upon him. We are living in a democracy, yes. But it is only a political democracy. No Act of Parliament has yet brought to an end the aristocracy of intellect and artistic achievement. Mr. White is, by any reckoning, a highly distinguished man, author of several unquestionable classics, and equally to be respected for his personal and his intellectual integrity. Mr. Robinson is, so far as I know, a paid television reporter, a perfectly respectable position but not quite the same thing. Yet he took it upon himself to treat Mr. White not merely as an equal but as an intellectual inferior, attempting to browbeat him, snub him, correct him. What shall one say? Impertinence? Deplorable manners? Outrageous conceit? Perhaps I had better say none of them: but I leave them lying about for the benefit of anyone who cares to pick them up and use them.

Let me not be mistaken. I do not for a moment advocate a return to sloppy awe, timid conformism, Establishment kow-tow: for too many pre-war (and some post-war) years we lived in the middle of that warm weak bun. But brashness is not the sole alternative. I propose two foundation principles for the code of the professional interviewer. One: he must desire to know. He is there to be instructed, not to instruct. He is there to draw out the opinions of his subject, not to display his own. And he is there to draw them out, not to drive them out. He may study, if he is wise, the Socratic dialogues. Two: he must give a shape to the whole. This is done by the (surely elementary) method of listening to the answers to one's own questions. These answers in their turn will suggest the succeeding questions. To come with a mental list of prepared queries, to be asked in pre-

determined order, makes a mock of continuity. One wants a seamless garment, not a series of revolver shots.

The second of these requirements involves intelligence and professional competence, and a man is not precisely to be blamed if he lacks them. But the first is within any man's scope: and if this fails to be realized, the more will the reluctance of such independent and upstanding persons as Mr. White be horribly justified. These principles, one may add, are not Utopian: several of the best interviewers (one may cite again Mr. John Freeman) amply conform to them. In fact, they are minimal.

The regulation half-hour can be a Procrustes' bed. C. P. Snow, in 'A Return to Cambridge' (Tuesday, September 15), found that city far too long and lanky to get between the sheets. I do not mean that, so far as the compression went, an excellent and businesslike job was not done.



T. H. White as seen in the filmed interview at his home in the Channel Islands broadcast in 'Monitor' on September 13



C. P. Snow in 'A Return to Cambridge' on September 15



Detail of 'Windsor Castle', by Canaletto, shown in 'Monitor'

On the contrary. But perhaps this very brave shot at the impossible should have been scrapped in favour of a shot at the possible. In point of fact there were two programmes here: one straightforward, impersonal, information film about the Cambridge set-up, dons, bedders, Backs and all; and one highly personal reconstruction of Sir Charles's own reactions, as a bright lad from the industrial Midlands, to a beauty that he at first resented and only later came to love. The second would have been the one for my money.

Dr. Charles Evans's 'Ascent of Annapurna IV' (Wednesday, September 16) also cried out to be about, say, forty-five minutes long. The ascent of a mountain is a dramatic form in itself; and one was conscious that the material had been prevented from finding its own length. But for the material itself, especially the perilous fly-crawling up vertiginous snow-slopes, one was highly grateful. Dame Edith Sitwell read poetry on the same day in a programme presented with admirable starkness. She read as only poets read, that is to say much better than all other classes of persons. *For she knew the weight of words.* I should only have liked a rather longer pause between poems, to enable the mind to reflect and adjust.

Peter Scott's 'Faraway Look' (Friday, September 18) is at present no more than an endearingly amateur account of a naturalist's 'hols'; but any journey that ends among the marine iguanas of the Galapagos is going to have me with it all the way. Do look at the superlative Chan Canasta (Fridays), about whom I write at length next week.

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

Take-over Bid?

TARVING throughout last week on a diet of serials, I was in no mood for cheering to find that the Sunday night performance of Sartre's *Crime Passionnel* was billed so as to blot out A.B.C.'s production of Angus Wilson's first television play.

Let me be fair. The take-over bid was made by A.B.C. who put back their usual production time by an hour, thus splitting in two an audience which in any other week is able to switch over to Channel 9 after seeing the B.B.C. play. Possibly A.B.C. had the innocent intention of giving overnight critics a better chance of commenting sensibly on an important event, and the gesture must have been appreciated by those whom it relieved from the nerve-racking routine of scribbling a notice in fifteen minutes. But this does not seem the likeliest explanation. In television, critics may confer prestige but they cannot stimulate business. The business advantages of Mr. Wilson's debut awakened A.B.C.'s head-hunting instinct: it gave them an unbeatable hand, and they naturally played it as strongly as they could.

One does not answer the play of trumps by putting down one's highest cards; the thing to do is to throw away. I do not understand why the B.B.C., knowing that the independent network had scooped the market for serious drama, should have chosen to present a piece precisely calculated to appeal to the audience that was over on the other side with Mr. Wilson. Head-hunting rivalry is understandable, but why does the type of head matter? Egg-shaped or with forehead villainous low, all are equal in the sight of TAM. Why need farce coincide with farce, melodrama with melodrama, romance with romance? The deadly copy-cat twitch that afflicts both services tends to restrict competition to cut-throat warfare: the B.B.C.

would certainly not have been imperilling the ratings if they had given the Sartre a mid-week performance and reserved Sunday for a Whitehall farce.

Those whom A.B.C. spirited away that night missed something good. Stuart Burge's production had a buoyancy and intellectual stamina, and there were at least two performances of exceptional quality. And the play remains an indestructably brilliant piece of work. Sartre is our only successful exponent of political drama, and even though the politics of *Crime Passionnel* are closely tethered to the war years the play shows few signs of becoming dated. Such signs appear



The audience on the last night of the Promenade Concerts televised from the Royal Albert Hall on September 19

only in the background, and they have no bearing on the essential course of the play—Hugo's irresolute efforts to bring himself to assassinate a man he admires but whom he is instructed to regard objectively as a social traitor.

The action unfolds with extreme elegance

with a momentous change in atmosphere half way through. The initial mood is playful and charming, death appearing only as a motif in a game; the section is dominated by Hugo's childishly spirited wife, Jessica. This mood is banished when a bomb explodes in the office of Hugo's victim, Hoederer; from that moment Jessica is eclipsed and the toys are packed away. Hugo and Hoederer move into the central position until their conflict is resolved by a fateful accident.

Mr. Burge drew attention to the change in mood by means of a sustained

pause. The office went up in smoke, and when the fumes began to clear the group of men, who had last been seen in the midst of a violent quarrel, were revealed as four inert, huddled bodies. After the camera's long, elegiac scrutiny of them, it was even more of a shock to see the tattered figures twitching back to life. Physical impact of this strength, rare in television, characterized the production. It was present not only in overt behaviour, but, even more potently, in hints and half-actions that charged the atmosphere with latent violence and sexuality. Hoederer's two bodyguards, played by Sean Lynch and Reed de Rouen, crept about like starved wolves, compulsively fingering their safety-catches and doting with carbuncle eyes on the first woman they had seen for six months. Susan Maryott's Jessica, a pert, wide-eyed doll, frisking round the bed and treating the men as if they were fawning Labradors, heightened the atmosphere by ignoring its tension. Hoederer was played by Bernard Lee with rock-like assurance which the idealized part demands; and David McCallum's Hugo feverishly passionate, never allowed hysteria to turn into rant. It would be good to see Mr. McCallum in the part of Hugo's alias, Raskolnikov.

A forty-minute excerpt from the Savoy Theatre production of Wynward Browne's *The Ring of Truth* (September 15) and two serials made up the total of last week's drama. The second of these, Constance Cox's adaptation of *The History of Mr. Polly* (September 18; two parts still to come) continues to do justice to Wells's miraculous achievement of finding in 'the dark house and the detested wife' a subject for

comedy. Emrys Jones plays the dyspeptic hero to the seedy life, though neither he nor Miss Cox is equal to making Wells's staccato monologues speakable.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Deep-freeze Edwardian

IT WAS DIFFICULT to accept the fact that Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett's *A Heritage and its History* (Third, September 16) was published as a novel only last week. Her stylized characters moved in a world that hardly ever existed outside Henry James's New England imagination. Like static Forsytes they were made to speak like characters from Wilde, and though their story moved through three generations their style of speech remained frozen in that of 1910.

At the outset the way in which the Challoner family exchanged its understated unpleasantness was interesting because it was unusual, and it was pleasant because it is always nice to hear well-thought-out sentences being spoken beautifully. But the style never changes and it soon becomes a bore. While the speech forms became a bore Miss Compton-Burnett's demand on one's acceptance of conventions became excessive. Her central figure Simon Challoner (played excellently by Mr. John Neville) is a man impatient for his heritage and lives for this alone. But when his uncle inherits the family house and he is next in line, he is foolish enough to sleep with his uncle's wife and to give her a



A scene from *Crime Passionnel*, with (left to right) David McCallum as Hugo, Susan Maryott as Jessica, Sean Lynch as George, Reed de Rouen as Slick, and Bernard Lee as Hoederer



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child. The child is accepted as the son of Simon's uncle, and the stage is set—and we are constantly having our elbows jogged to remind us—for a Grecian trap. As the trap is Miss Compton-Burnett's main interest she never provides sufficient motivation for Simon's original fall from grace; and the subsequent horrors, which involve the young heir in a love affair with Simon's legally recognized daughter, did not impress me at all.

The dialogue of the novel often lends itself to broadcasting better than the dialogue of the stage. Miss Compton-Burnett's dialogue is however 'stagey' in the first place, and though I realize that she has many admirers I cannot for myself accept her conventions. The cast, produced by Mr. Christopher Sykes, spoke her words very well. But they were such words!

Putting aside Molière's *Don Juan* so as to compare it with M. de Montherlant's play of the same name next week, the week's listening was rather sparse. Miss Audrey Cameron produced Mr. Gerald Anstruther's *The Third Visitor* (Home, September 19) which was a good thriller made sound-worthy by Miss Cynthia Pughe. It effectively used music to heighten the suspense and the characters involved seemed credible. Belief in them depended, first, on the realism created by Mr. Richard Hurndall as a foppish husband and Mr. John Graham as Detective-Inspector Mullens, and, secondly, on the creation by Mr. Malcolm Hayes of the stock villain, Richard Carling. Mr. Hayes snarled and one was not a bit surprised when his Carling turned out to be a concentration camp guard who deserved the death he had been faking for himself.

Mr. Jeffrey Segal's *Back Your Fancy* (Home, September 17) was an amusing piece about the efforts of two sisters attempting to get a play launched in the West End. Mr. Segal knows his ground well and he created with the help of Mr. David March a splendid impresario who does everything to the play except putting it on ice. A 'method' producer, a worn-out matinee idol in the star part, and an actress whose statistics are vital but whose acting ability is nil conspire to make the play a colossal flop. There is a suggestion of a happy future however which hints at the moral that a good play does not need gimmicks or West End fustianmanship.

Mr. John Keir Cross so often works on themes that seem unrewarding. It seemed a pity therefore that his *The Bridge Builder* (Home, September 15) was foreshortened and tucked away on 'Children's Hour'. The story of Brunel is both interesting and inspiring and it could well stand being made the subject of a longer work. For the children the story was necessarily curtailed and the arguments that Brunel had with people before he could convince them of the practicality of his visions were missed out. Brunel's story is clearly one that ought to be treated more fully and one wonders what would have been done with it if he had lived in the United States or the Soviet Union. 'Children's Hour' rightly found space for Mr. John Keir Cross's feature play but it is a sad commentary on our arts-science divorce that nobody should think it worth awarding Brunel poetic as well as scientific vision.

Another children's programme caught while waiting for the News, provided one of those rare sound images which should stay in the mind for a long time. At the end of part three of *Hindleford*, a serial in six parts (Home, September 16) a highwayman shouted the conventional 'Stand and deliver!' It was followed by a shot. Then there was a beautifully timed pause and the cries of rooks disturbed. Mr. Trevor Hill, who produces the serial, thus evoked loneliness, a cold evening, the vision of tall trees black against the sky.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Looking Up at Dr. Johnson

WAS THERE EVER a moment when Dr. Johnson the conversationalist was caught unawares? Even his crassness or prejudice, apropos of any given subject, was delivered with aplomb, symmetry, and deliberation. This, more than any other quality, is what informed his character—to the point of caricature, if you like. He was always well primed. All the more reason why three talkers met to celebrate his two-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday should emulate the principle, if not the style, and be as well primed as possible to begin with.

Unfortunately, this was not quite the case with Hugh Sykes Davies, Stephen Potter, and Matthew Hodgart, discussing 'Johnson From Three Sides' in the Home Service on September 16. It was rather as if the three had been taken unawares, their minds very much on other things, and prodded in the back with the unexpected question. 'Johnson? Oh yes, I admire him tremendously of course. I mean, I like the writer himself, quite apart from Boswell. I even like *Rasselas* in its rather idiotic way . . . And what kind of figure would a Dr. Johnson cut today? 'Oh, a leading brains-truster, of course . . . A sort of super-super Gilbert Harding . . . This, in fact, was not so much a considered viewing from three sides as a series of peeps at the great man from below, with an occasional stumble over his shoe-buckles.

Or so it seemed, for the first half. Fortunately, one of the speakers—I think it was Mr. Sykes Davies—managed to draw up closer to his subject, and pointed out, for example, that the Johnsonian style is not simply a monumental and characteristic excrescence on the language. Johnson left the language very different from what he found it. If his own style could only be a burden to others—or a parody—he nevertheless profoundly altered verbal currency and usage.

Emphasis on the lexicographer might have gone even further. For if Johnson made the dictionary, I think it might equally be said that the dictionary made him. The long years spent in searching out a definition of every accessible word perfected the Johnsonian technique. The great hypochondriac had contrived to transform himself—and it was this that magnetized the uncontrollable Boswell—into a tremendously efficient verbal computer, to whom any problem might be addressed. The answer was always thoroughly characteristic, shrewdly calculated—and unexpected. Living in the golden age of the mechanistic hypothesis, Johnson ruthlessly disciplined and perfected the verbal mechanics of his approach to life and literature, without going mad, and without even losing one jot of his humanity.

What would Dr. Johnson have thought of Dr. I. A. Richards? The latter's talk on 'Poetry as an Instrument of Research' has already been printed in these pages, but even so some comment may be allowed—particularly on the tone, the aural impact of this piece (Third, September 14). We were carried straight into the lecture-room. The chiming lists of synonyms, the pauses between a carefully repeated word, evoked rows of student faces, lifted for a moment, and then lowered again over those notebooks. Dr. Richards's lecture seemed to me much more remarkable for its insight into the nature of language, than into that of poetry. I was left with the impression that the latter was somehow a laboratory product, and that conditions in the world laboratory were right, just now, for the production of some really superior verse. What was left out of this prognosis was that incalculable agent, the poet. Admitted that he is an agent and no more, it remains true that only one poet can be the agent for one particular

poem. Dr. Richards's predictions seemed to predicate a bunch of surprisingly amenable poets.

Prediction—or anticipation—begins to be very much in, and on the air this week, even if the temperature of pre-election programmes remains a long way below fever pitch, so far. 'Matters of Moment' on Thursday (Home Service) gave a statistical, cautious survey of the situation in critical or marginal areas of the electorate, but failed to fulfil the promise of Robert Mackenzie's lively opening. But this programme did produce the saying of the week—'Only a fool would be a public-opinion pollster'—from a representative of Gallup Polls. One could sympathize with his embitterment, confronted with that wayward fringe of opinion that can make or ruin a pollster's reputation. But politically the best broadcast of the week was the relay from America (September 16, Home) reporting on Mr. Khrushchev's impact, at luncheon, on the American Press Club; it presented its subject to the life, where so much black-and-white reportage offers only a mass of enigmatic contradictions and conjectures.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

The Ring Comes Round Again

EVEN IF the relay of *Das Rheingold* from Covent Garden (September 18, Third Programme) did not get off to a flying start, it soon became apparent that this was to be a reputable performance. One knew that from the moment Wotan opened his mouth. Hans Hotter has always been a magnificent Wotan. There are those who say that, with age, his voice has lost its appeal. I am not one of them; for me he still sings splendidly, and to hear that first utterance of his, while he lies half asleep, still under the influence of dreams, was to realize what a great artist he is. Not that he or anybody can make anything but a pitiable figure of that pompous, grasping god. But whenever Wotan shows the glimmerings of dignity, there Hotter invested him with something almost heroic.

Only two of the cast came within reach of his artistic stature; Otakar Kraus whose Alberich was more than merely a nasty specimen of the power-maniac but a bully much wronged, so that his final curse had the ring of truth. And there was a fine Loge in Richard Holm, your true cynic he, capable of hatching the most monstrous plots to aid his so-called friends and then of laughing them to scorn as he detaches himself from them and all the nastiness they stand for.

Of the goddesses, Fricka (Ursula Böse) managed to appear less than usual a pillar of domestic virtue; there was something almost human in her cry of fear '*Wotan gemahl, unsel'ger Mann!*'. Fricka could never see far beyond the end of her nose, but at that moment she was overcome with a sense of doom and this singer found the right tone to express it. Finally the playing; it was excellent throughout. Franz Konwitschny, the conductor from the State Opera in East Berlin, struck a just balance between rhythmic intensity and such dynamics as allowed the singers easily to get their words across, this fact especially noticeable in the cases of Alberich and Loge.

The last concert of the Promenade series followed what has now become a traditional form, with the audience doing their bit in *Land of Hope and Glory* and the *National Anthem*. A notable feature of the season has been the concerts of works by 'Masters of the Twentieth Century', a valuable contribution to knowledge and experience. The last of these contained two significant works, both well performed. Bartók's first pianoforte concerto is still a hard nut to

crack, alike for the soloist (and certainly for the orchestra) and the listener. It is ruthless, acrid, and at the same time assured, which makes it no easier to take to at first; yet it is absolutely logical and extremely compelling once one has gone some way to meet it, for instance in the relentless ostinato like the footfall of fate that becomes quick and insistent at the end. Hephzibah Menuhin's performance was convincing and showed a remarkable grasp of the technical difficulties of the part. Then came Vaughan Williams's Sixth Symphony, relentless too in that extraordinary second movement. The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and Sir Malcolm Sargent gave a good account of the symphony. The last movement sounded a shade too fast; metro-

nomically exact, I do not doubt, but with some of the mystery lost.

A Purcell centenary concert in Canterbury Cathedral Chapter House (September 13, Third Programme) provided excellent playing of string fantasias by the Kalmar Chamber Orchestra, the 1683 St. Cecilia Ode (which sounded more interesting than attractive) and the Wedding Anthem, *My beloved spake*, which was a delight to hear. Also some songs performed by the choristers of the Cathedral, a little too daintily in *Come unto these yellow sands* but exquisitely in *See, even Night herself*, which is a fine thing. Last of all the masque in *Dioclesian* which was performed to great effect.

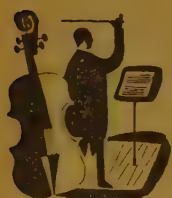
'Mozart's Operatic Ancestors' (Saturday,

Third Programme) afforded fascinating glimpses into a musicologist's heaven. This concert of pre-Mozartian arias started with an intermezzo from Francesco Conti's *Teseo in Creta* (nicely translated by Geoffrey Dunn) which, for all the admirable singing by Doreen Murray and Thomas Hemsley, went on too long. But the Catalogue duet from Gazzaniga's *Don Giovanni* was a startling revelation of the musical atmosphere that Mozart breathed, and as for J. C. Bach's aria from *La clemenza di Scipione*, all one could feel while listening to this beautifully groomed, indeed moving music was that it must have been inevitable that the boy Mozart would fall under the spell of that greatly gifted son of Johann Sebastian.

SCOTT GODDARD

Dvořák and the Concerto

By JOHN CLAPHAM



The 'Cello Concerto will be broadcast at 2.30 p.m. on Sunday, September 27 (Home), the Piano Concerto at 8.25 p.m. on Saturday, October 3 (Third)

DVOŘÁK'S FIRST ESSAY in concerto form, the early concerto in A for 'cello, which he never scored for orchestra, and his last, the superb 'Cello Concerto in B minor, span a period of thirty years, a slightly longer period than is covered by his nine symphonies. Each of them was written with a particular soloist in mind.

The first concerto was written for Ludevít Peer, during 1865, the year of Dvořák's first two symphonies and of the *Cypresses* song cycle. These songs were written for his pupil, the young actress Josefina Cermáková, whose sister Anna he later married when he had given up all hope of winning Josefina's hand. None of his works of that period was successful, for the symphonic works were very diffuse, and although the songs showed more promise, they needed considerable revision before they could be published. The 'cello concerto, orchestrated and very drastically revised and condensed by Günter Raphael, was published posthumously.

The Piano Concerto in G minor, composed for Karel Slavkovsky, appeared after an interval of eleven years and in far more favourable circumstances. By then Dvořák's list of works had grown considerably. He had composed five symphonies, at least one of which had helped to persuade Hanslick, Brahms and presumably Herbeck to award him the Austrian State Music Prize, and he had also written the *Moravian Duets*, his first composition to be published in Germany. Within the next two years his *Stabat Mater*, *Symphonic Variations* and first set of *Slavonic Dances* were composed, as well as other successful works, and his fame was assured. As the Piano Concerto shows, he fully understood the essentials of classical concerto form, and he was capable of creating a broad first movement in heroic vein, a romantic and chromatically tinged slow movement, and a virile finale in which some national elements are conspicuous, but as yet he had not become fully fledged as a national composer. Dvořák was an experienced viola player, and had a flair for instrumentation, but at that time he had insufficient knowledge of how to write effectively for the piano. Vilém Kurz, however, at a later date made considerable revisions to the solo piano part of the concerto, without in any way altering Dvořák's fundamental musical thought, and it is his edition of the work which is usually performed today.

The Violin Concerto followed closely after the Piano Concerto, but contrasts strikingly with the orthodoxy of the earlier work. Considering the time in which it was composed, the lack of a full length orchestral *tutti* at the

beginning of the work causes no surprise, but the absence of clear-cut alternations between *tutti* and solo was unusual, almost the whole of the first two movements being written for the soloist with and without orchestra, and the abandonment of the formal recapitulation after only a few bars in order to prepare for the arrival of the slow movement was an experiment which was not entirely convincing. Dvořák was strongly opposed to Robert Keller's suggestion that the two movements should be separated, and Simrock raised no objection, so no change was made. Even if the concerto is not a perfect work, it is certainly an attractive one.

During composition Dvořák submitted this work to Josef Joachim for his criticism, and at the same time he dedicated the work to the distinguished violinist. Joachim wrote to Dvořák as follows:

I have just received by post your parcel containing the Violin Concerto, and even though I shall not be able to enjoy it for some days because of various performances and a journey to Frankfurt, still I must thank you for the honour you have done me by dedicating it to me. My warm interest in your true musical spirit, of which I have tried to give proof by the most careful and polished performance of that lovely work of genius, the Sextet in A, has increased for me the value of your dedication and of the feeling of professional friendship which dictated it. I shall now do what I can to strengthen it by showing the sincerity that you desire, and am looking forward to going through your work very soon and *con amore*.

Almost three years later Dvořák wrote to Simrock:

So you are back in Berlin. I was there too, and played through the Violin Concerto twice with Joachim—he is delighted with it, I am very glad that it will be finished at last! The revised work lay two whole years with Joachim. He was kind enough to make the alterations in the solo part himself. I still have to change something in the finale and make the instrumentation more delicate in a number of places. I must go to Berlin again at the beginning of November, when I hope everything will be finished, and Joachim will have a rehearsal with orchestra at the Hochschule.

Yet after all Joachim never played the concerto, and it fell to Ondříček to give the first performance. It was composed in 1879, a year after the *Slavonic Dances* and Sextet, at a time when most of Dvořák's compositions were imbued with strong national feeling. He usually used the Czech *furiant* as a scherzo, but here it makes an admirable finale, and in the same movement a *dumka* appears to provide contrast.

It is believed that it was the experience of

hearing Victor Herbert play one of his own 'cello concertos in New York that prompted Dvořák to write his fourth concerto, but it is also reasonable to suppose that his friend Hanuš Wihan may at some time have suggested he should write one for him. The Concerto in B minor was written for and dedicated to Wihan, but owing to a misunderstanding between Dvořák and the Philharmonic Society of London, Leo Stern was engaged to give the first performance instead of Wihan. The latter, it is true, had proposed to add a cadenza to the last movement, an idea which was abhorrent to the composer for substantial reasons, but despite this Dvořák fully intended to keep his promise that Wihan should have the honour of giving the first performance.

While composing the concerto in New York, far away from his dear homeland and without any of his family near him, his thoughts must have turned to his sister-in-law Josefina, then the wife of Count Kaunitz, for in the second movement a paraphrase in G minor is heard of the melody of the song 'Leave me alone', which Josefina particularly liked. The concerto was finished on February 9, 1895, but on May 27 Josefina died. Shortly after, when he had returned to Bohemia, Dvořák revised the end of the finale, inserting a much more exact quotation of his song between references to the main theme of the first movement, and making the music slow down and sink to a whisper before the final orchestral peroration. A cadenza would have been entirely out of place in a work which became ultimately a memorial to Josefina.

The 'Cello Concerto in B minor expresses the composer's nostalgia, and although a product of his American period, shows far fewer traces of the 'Americanisms' apparent in the *New World* Symphony and the American String Quartet and Quintet. In this last concerto he again returned to a full-scale orchestral *tutti* at the commencement, and, while avoiding the curious foreshortening of the Violin Concerto, probably achieved his most successful condensation of a recapitulation by leading directly and dramatically from the development to the second subject in the tonic key. The writing for the solo instrument, with a few suggestions from Wihan, is particularly brilliant, and some of the high passage-work makes a fascinating background to woodwind themes. It is scarcely surprising that Brahms was so impressed with this masterpiece that he regretted not having composed a 'cello concerto himself. 'Cellists may well regret that there are scarcely any other works of this calibre for their repertoire.



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(continued from page 468)

when we have lost gold and dollars. This paradoxical method of finance is, one hopes, less likely to recur in the future.

Nor are there any signs of relief for debt management from any other quarter. Immediately, the banks are expected to remain net sellers of Government bonds. For years to come maturities of between £600 and £1,000 million a year will continue to have to be re-financed. On top of this, the Radcliffe Committee recommends the return of local authority borrowing to the Exchequer, which might add a further load of £300 or £400 million to whatever Budget deficit there already is. All this *must* undermine the position of the Bank of England, as manager of the debt, in getting the market to accept its terms. For the principle will always remain, that the Bank cannot choose both the level of interest rates and the amount of debt to be held at those rates. Unless therefore we are able to limit the size of the additional debt, we may have to forfeit control of the price at which it can be sold. In this case there is little scope for the vigorous two-way use of interest rates advocated by the Committee to control the liquidity of financial operators throughout the country. Monetary policy can only work if it is given adequate support by fiscal policy, and I suggest it is doubly unfortunate that this relationship does not emerge much more clearly from the report, since the Committee's argument that policy should seek to influence the whole state of liquidity depends on it.

A big difficulty in discussing this and other points in the report is to know what the Com-

mittee meant by this liquidity. At times it means a person's or an organization's stock of ready cash, while at other times it is extended to include anything which can be turned into cash, for example, the sale of capital assets—so that liquidity becomes something very broad indeed. This is really unhelpful and there is some irony in contrasting this vagueness with the Committee's own dictum that 'the successful use of monetary policy depends in the end upon a clear perception of a few underlying concepts which are basic to financial conditions in the modern economy'. A definition of what the Committee meant by liquidity would certainly have done something to clarify one underlying concept.

As a practical matter it is essential that those in charge of policy should keep their eyes on the whole range of financial institutions—the insurance companies, the finance houses and the building societies—and not just the banks. But it is less clear analytically why these other institutions should be included. Is the emphasis on the liquidity of the whole financial sector more than a reminder that we must consider the complete supply schedule of loanable funds in the market for capital and credit? Or is it because these other institutions are in some respects similar to the banks, in accepting deposits from the public and creating credit?

These are only a few of the questions that seem to go unanswered. The report is also remarkable for some striking omissions. For instance there is no discussion of the effect of monetary policy on wages. Commonly, trade unions have been regarded as responsible for much of the increase in prices in recent years,

though I believe this to be wrong. Did the Radcliffe Committee feel that monetary policy had anything to contribute to the apparent endless search for a 'national wages policy'? We are left to guess. More remarkable is the omission of any analysis of the repercussions which monetary policy may have on the terms of trade. Are the terms of trade properly to be regarded as an act of God, as in popular discussion, or are they within limits susceptible to policy? If the latter, how much credit to monetary policy claim for the astonishing transformation of our affairs at home and abroad during the last two years, since neither fiscal policy nor direct controls can claim to have contributed much to it?

To sum up, it seems to me that the Committee's most useful contributions are its assertion that monetary management should make positive use of the national debt, and its insistence that more information should be available both to the public and to the authorities. It will be readily agreed that information itself is no substitute for policy. It was not, after all, information, but judgment that was lacking at the Treasury at the end of 1954 and in 1955. I think that as a matter of history, the report underrates the degree to which monetary policy was expected to make headway against short-comings elsewhere in economic policy. For the future it underrates the potential of monetary policy once it is given the right setting by fiscal policy. As a final comment, I cannot feel that either the report's unanimity or its wealth of new descriptive material makes up for its lack of rigorous economic analysis.—*Third Programme*

Bridge

Solutions to Problems

(see page 492)

(1) The problem revolves on the handling of the diamond suit, a combination which was considered in the article of September 10. Declarer must first determine whether the suit has to be played for three or four tricks, and that means taking the spade finesse at an early stage. He wins the first club in hand, cashes one high spade, crosses to table with a heart and plays the spade finesse. If the finesse holds he needs only three diamond tricks and so can afford to guard against Q 10 x x in either hand. He does this by playing the King on the first round and leading small towards the A 9 x, finessing if South plays small. If the spade finesse fails the declarer needs four diamond tricks and his best chance is to play small from West on the first round, intending to finesse the Jack. If he leads the ace first he will lose a trick when North has the single Queen.

(2) (a) On the lead of the nine of spades it is reasonable to assume that the spade finesse is wrong. Declarer should therefore win with the ace, draw the outstanding trumps, cash the ace and King of clubs and continue with the King and Jack of spades. When South covers the Jack of spades West discards his third club. The contract is now assured if South holds either two or three clubs and only depends on the diamond finesse if he holds four.

(b) On a trump lead there is no longer the presumption that the spade finesse is wrong. The declarer takes one top spade and re-enters

his hand with a trump for the spade finesse. If the spade finesse fails he discards a club from hand on the King of spades and has the double chance of the club break or the diamond finesse. If South has a doubleton club he will have the safe exit which was denied him in (a): but the spade finesse is now no less than a 50 per cent. chance and cannot therefore be abandoned.

Gardening

Harvesting Vegetables

ALWAYS TREAT onions with respect when handling them: do not pull them up by the neck and throw them into a basket or wheelbarrow; they bruise easily, although they do not show it at the time. If the roots are still holding, use a fork to prise them up gently, then lay them out in rows on the ground for a few days, with at least a couple of turnings. Never put them on galvanized iron, slates, or the roof of a shed. When you start storing, sort them over—using the ones with a blemish first.

If you have a show in mind, select nicely ripened onions with a perfect brown skin and a very small neck. Place them on a shelf in wood wool, as gently as you would your finest apples. Lay the others out thinly on shelves in the shed, until you can string them on ropes, and hang them from the rafters.

Potatoes are often left in the ground far too long after they have finished growing. Once the haulm has died down and the ground is dry, get the crop lifted. It is a good plan to trim off all the growth first before starting to lift. Clear this away and burn—do not put it

on the compost heap or leave it on the ground. Use a flat-tined fork if you can, and thrust it down well outside the tubers, then with gentle heave, bring the crop up to the surface. Pick out the tubers, making sure you do not leave any in the ground, and sort them into those for eating, those for seed, and the very small ones which can go to the fowls, if you have any.

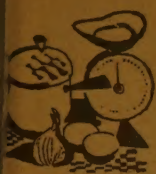
Always store the tubers carefully, covering with straw to keep out the light and frost. It is like to dust a little powdered lime between the tubers in case they start sweating; it helps to keep them dry. It is a good plan to set up the seed on boxes straight away, as this saves double handling. Pick up everything the day you dig. Sometimes I have noticed potatoes lying on the ground for three or four days with the result they start greening; that is fatal, except for seed.

Never let beetroots get large and coarse; lift them and store in sand or soil. Lift with the aid of a fork, do not pull them out with a tug, or you will break the tap root, and the beet will start to bleed and lose its colour. Some of the later sowings are not ready yet, so let them stand for a while.

Outdoor tomatoes are still hanging in ropes of fruit. If yours are like this, I should shorten the foliage back to let in the air and light. I notice some growers have let all the side shoots smother everything, with the result that the fruit is starved out of existence. Those growing in greenhouses will have to come out very shortly to make room for the winter flowering plants. In this case it is best to cut off the trusses and hang them on wires to ripen.

F. H. STREETER

—From a talk in the Home Service



Suggestions for the Housewife

Tomato Purée

ONE of the quickest, simplest methods of storing tomatoes for the winter is to make tomato purée.

If you have a pressure cooker, take the trivet from the cooker. Then wash and cut up the tomatoes—there is no need even to peel them. Put in a couple of tablespoons of water to prevent any possibility of burning. Pressure cook for one minute only, at 15 pounds pressure. When the pressure has reduced at room temperature, sieve the tomatoes and pour the hot pulp into hot preserving jars, leaving one inch headspace. To get the best flavour add a sprinkling of salt and a teaspoon of sugar to each jar. Then all you need to do is to sterilize the jars of tomato purée in the pressure cooker in the usual way—again using 15 pounds pressure—for one minute only.

If you have not a pressure cooker, making the purée will take a little longer, but the method is roughly the same: that is, cooking until soft in a covered saucepan, plus a little water to prevent burning, then boiling the jars of sieved pulp to sterilize. Without a pressure cooker this will take ten minutes (putting them into hot water and using the usual water-bath method).

LOUISE DAVIES—Home Service

Blackberry and Sloe Jelly

To make an unusual jelly add to each 1lb. of blackberries ½lb. of sloes. Wash them, put in a preserving pan, just cover with water, and stew until soft. Leave to strain overnight. Weigh the juice and heat it, then add warmed sugar—

1lb. of sugar to 1lb. of juice. Stir till dissolved, then boil quickly (for about 20 minutes) until set.

ZELLA TAYLOR

Casserole of Lamb

For a really cheap casserole, use alternate layers of boned and skinned breast of lamb, cut in pieces, and cooked rice—ending with a layer of rice. As you can imagine, that needs plenty of added flavour, so I suggest you sprinkle the layers of meat not only with seasoning but also with mixed herbs, chopped parsley, and chopped green pepper—about a teaspoon of each. Then moisten the casserole by pouring over it a home-made tomato sauce. To make this simple sauce cook tomatoes and onion together and sieve them. Cook the casserole for about an hour and a half, and twenty minutes or so before the end of cooking sprinkle the top with grated cheese.

LOUISE DAVIES—Home Service

Apple-Top Pudding

For, say, four people, cut up (pips, skin, and all) half a dozen medium-sized apples and put them in a saucepan. Add no more than a teacup of water and two tablespoons of syrup and throw in one clove—one only. Let the apples simmer very gently until soft and pulpy. Next, using a wooden spoon, work the whole through a coarse sieve and then pour the mixture into a not too shallow oven-ware dish.

For the meringue top beat up the whites of two eggs stiffly, and slowly stir into these a large teacup of sugar. When the apple is cool

spread the meringue mixture smoothly over it and place the dish in a very slow oven. When the meringue top is hard, turn off the heat, leaving the dish in the cooling oven—so that the meringue nicely hardens. I serve this pudding cold with cream, to which I add one drop of vanilla essence.

JEANNE DE CASALIS—Light Programme

Notes on Contributors

JOHN WOOD (page 467): formerly of Lazard Brothers; now a business economist with Associated Electrical Industries; author of *A Simple Guide for the Taxpayer*

J. Z. YOUNG, F.R.S. (page 475): Professor of Anatomy, University College, London; B.B.C. Reith Lecturer for 1950 on 'Doubt and Certainty in Science'; author of *The Life of Mammals*, etc.

IAN WATT (page 476): Professor in the Department of English, University of California; author of *Rise of the Novel—Studies in Defoe, Richardson and Fielding*

JAN CAREW (page 479): A British Guianese novelist, who recently revisited his own country; author of *Black Midas*, etc.

JAMES MONAHAN (page 489): Controller, European Services, B.B.C.; Head of the West European Services 1946-51; author of *Far from the Land* and *After Battle* (poems)

JOHN CLAPHAM (page 504): Lecturer in Music, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth

Crossword No. 1,530.

Silk-Satin.

By Jac

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s. and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, October 1. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.



The puzzle, when the 'blacks' have been filled in, is symmetrical about the centre. There are two solutions; the 'design' is the same for each solution, and the letters of the lights of each solution are to be entered respectively on the bottom right and top left of the diagonals of the squares. The clues are in sequence, starting with those across, and all the lights of both solutions have something in common. Accents, and most of the punctuation, are to be ignored.

CLUES

- Othello finishes the fish—and Othello finishes!
- An attempt to prevent literary gossip is one thing, but an attempt to prevent sunburn is, of course, quite different
- In a whole sheep there's something coolly sweet—in part of a pig, poison
- In the Transvaal, streptomycin is extremely useful; it's part of the cure for rinderpest
- Above 2400 lb., at most, it provides a very slightly unstable combination of oxygen and nitrogen
- Income in tip-up seats? It simply flows!
- Bulgarian has to go at least half way to get a change of air—is at liberty, then, to join a point-to-point?
- Author and man of unusual courage. There's one, at least, in one of our public schools
- Some players rest not until they get them with three successive first parts of a. There's no resting for players who do this, either
- The outside's good in France, and the inside's O.K., too—just the stuff for going cycling
- A novel style of living suitable to birds with their homes unfinished
- One vehicle for drawing now past and another in our time withdrawn

- Tosti, initially appearing in a childish farewell, gets only half of it back with his finale
- The King won't change, Mr. President!
- Run back to Marshal and introduce Tree to a far less experienced actor
- Violin solo making x's heart beat painfully
- One fellow's rather poorly within, so another takes in succour
- This wine ought, presumably, to be ditched. Gosh!—we obviously have no head for it
- Mae gets back, perhaps to see the 'brushwood sheaf in tiny leaf' about it
- An alternative to Norman's opening letter; alternatively, the opening of a letter Norman initially receives
- It turned up following the absorption of one motoring organization by another, and made our organization!
- It's capital, Barranquilla, turning a steak in turn!
- A girl imbibes some mixed Italian wine and gets mixed up with a King (though not of Siam!)
- Part of the British Army's in a fit, perhaps—due, initially, to the whole of the New Zealand Army being in the money
- Sea-birds lose their heads over the sea; Shakespeare's cow, over acting
- Tore a jib when going about—so back up three points and sew up the middle
- One sailor in an obscure Chinese secret society introduces another to a crooked deal
- Said about a colourless number I sang in disharmony
- Call the British fleet to sea: Destiny holds nothing for the French!
- Choice of letters that is briefly indicative of double-talk, almost
- Put me in crib—or in the cooler, if you prefer it!
- A song displaying anger in return

Solution of No. 1,528

2	1	8	9	8	8	2	0	3	1
0	2	5	0	8	3	2	1	6	
9	8	4	1	1	2	5	2	3	
8	3	4	4	8	2	2	5	1	
9	1	3	5	3	3	4	5	7	
0	2	9	6	9	6	3	8	2	
3	0	9	1	4	0	1	7	1	
7	2	3	5	2	9	3	5	1	

1st prize: Dr. F. Wilkinson (Luton); 2nd prize: D. Farmer (Cheadle); 3rd prize: Humphrey Lewis (Radcliffe-on-Trent).

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